Together

Women with the World on Their Minds

Those All-Night Graduation Parties... a POWWOW

Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families April 1958

MADISON N J

Together

Established in 1826 as CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

"Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? . . Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship."

John Wesley (1703-1791)

APRIL 15, 1958 **Vol. 2, No. 4**

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Not too long after he was born 97 years ago, this great-grandfather started traveling—by way of books—in his armchair. Now he's initiating James Porowski, who is only two. Photo of the Rev. James B. Dibble, a retired Methodist minister, is by his son, the Rev. Paul G. Dibble, of Belvidere, Ill.

Paulus Lesser, who photographed "She's Learning to Become a Mother," made his first pictures at age of 9 with a camera he fashioned from a wooden box. Today he operates a well-known color studio, where he produced our appealing picture using an 8 x 10 Ansco view camera, with a 14-inch Eastman Commercial Ektar lens and Kodak Ektachrome film.

She's Learning To Become A Mother

Asked to compose a school essay on "someone I know very well," my grandson, Arthur)oud, 12, submitted the following: "I have a little sister who rules the roost. When suppertime comes she says, 'Artie, you set the table,' and 'Bobbie, you put on the read and butter,' and 'Paul, you pour the water.' She is learning to become a mother."

—Mrs. Homer Shepherd, Ocean Grove, N.J.

A NEW NOTE

There's a new note in the choirs
That sing upon the leafless boughs.
There's a new song in the air today—
A song that seems to rouse
And resurrect the life within,
Grown cold in winter hours,
Waking all the old, sweet dreams—
Of blossom, buds, and flowers.

There's a new hope in the world today
Because of this glad sound.
There's an urgent and an upward thrust
Of green things in the ground.
There's a new joy in the hearts of men
Because of this strange note:
This rapturous reveille from
Some little feathered throat.

From THE ROUND OF THE YEAR *by Patience Strong, © 1948, E. P. Dutton & Co.*

Selected Bits from Your

Letters

; He 'Unbelievably Naive'?

TOM COVEY
Haviland, Ohio

In regard to this business of rating ovies and literature, am I being un-elievably naïve to suggest that if a ovie or book is unfit for minors it is so unfit for their elders?

lethodist-to-Baptist Assist

SAMAR EDWARDS
Dallas, Tex.

I'm a high-school senior and a aptist. After reading your magazine the home of a Methodist friend, I ked for a birthday subscription and ot it. I especially enjoy the hobby ction. Through it, I have gotten many ew pen pals and have made lasting iends—one in particular.

uestions, Questions!

PAUL T. CHAPMAN, *Pastor*
Castell, Tex.

After carefully studying a recent ver of TOGETHER I want to raise a rotest. The picture shows trees. What going on behind those trees? What e you trying to hide?

Also there is a picture of a building hich I suppose to be a church. What nd of church? Does its theology agree ith ours? What stand does it take on noking? Is it a Protestant church? e can't be too careful about these ings.

A'so there was some color red on the ver!

ut Isn't It a Man's World?

MRS. JULIA MORRISON
Dallas, Tex.

Since our Methodist women are hav-ig so much fun rolling up their sleeves nd tying on their aprons, "more than million times a year," according to eg Keilholz, in *How to Feed Hungry lethodists* [February, page 26], why on't we let the men have some fun, oo?

Wouldn't it be a lark to have the ien of the church about once or twice month put on their coveralls, grab a room and mop, and clean up the hurch buildings? They would get such feeling of fellowship from working ogether; they would get acquainted ith each other as they dust the pews n pairs!

Of course, they might get a little weary but, after all, it is their church—and why shouldn't they enjoy working in it often and hard? Also, they might fall out with each other when they get blisters on hands or when told by fellow workers that their dusting is not perfect. But, after tempers cool off and the fellows struggle home, they would have such a warm feeling around the heart.

How much sense does that make? Well, none to the men, I'm sure, but perhaps a few women see the point. Why should the women of the church cook and serve—for free—when the men do not do the janitor's work? Why not hire maids to cook and serve just as we hire janitors? Perhaps all the meals that are served are not needed, anyway. Most people in our churches eat too much.

Barnabas Writes Too Much?

PAUL T. MORRIS
Tyner, Tenn.

I note that recent issues devoted 12 and 13 columns to book reviews. Considering that so few of us read so few books, is this not an undue amount of space? Are not the books you review also reviewed in the daily press where regular book readers will see them before TOGETHER is received?

We'd like to know how other readers feel about books, too.—EDS.

Reading Matter for Patients

CHARLES W. RANDOLPH
Secretary
The Rutherford County
Methodist Ministers
Bostic, N.C.

Our Methodist ministers in Rutherford County have adopted as a project the placing of TOGETHER in the waiting rooms of all the doctors' offices in the county and in the lobbies of the county hospital. These are two-year subscriptions and we will use 28 copies each month.

These pastors' purses have paid a fine tribute to TOGETHER. *On behalf of the patients in Rutherford County, we thank you, preachers!*—EDS.

Ezekiel Had Right Idea!

MILTON M. THORNE
St. Louis, Mo.

Those who object to the pictures of Christ made by artists abroad [December, page 35] seem to be off the beam.

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Their reflections are a criticism of themselves, in my book, rather than of the artists. To be sure, some of the pictures were not pleasant to look at. Any picture of Jesus on the cross isn't. But we sophisticated Americans need to sit where the other fellow sits, like Ezekiel did, if we are to come to know and appreciate the other man, and if we are to do anything to help him or, indeed, ourselves. I could go on, but you get my idea.

Even Spark Plugs Can Shock

CLAUDE M. MORGAN, *Attorney*
Huntington, W.Va.

As I read some letters in TOGETHER, I am reminded of a scene in a musical comedy. A boy and a girl in linen dusters are riding in an ancient auto. Suddenly there is a loud noise; the car stops. The boy jumps out and peers underneath, and his companion follows. But after taking one brief look, he shoves her back, crying, "No! No! Gwendolyn, don't look. The gears are stripped!"

Re: T-shirts and Trunks

RUTH JEFFERSON
Huntington Park, Calif.

After reading some of the letters regarding your covers and pictures I no longer wonder why it's hard to get and keep young people in the church. When there are people who consider boys in T-shirts and adults in swimming trunks shocking, the mystery is solved. And since when have athletics been "unchristian"?

Let's quit spending time criticizing such things as this and get down to the problem of doing something to make religion vital to our young people. We won't do it with criticism, narrow-mindedness, and prudery. To hold the young people of today requires tact, common sense, leadership, and the ability to put over the idea that Christianity is our only hope for a decent world in this modern age.

Revolted and Disillusioned

MRS. HELEN L. WHITCOMBE
Newark, Del.

It not only upsets, but literally revolts me to continually find in TOGETHER letters condemning the magazine. It is disillusioning to realize that so many Methodists write inane letters castigating such things as bare legs and normal, lovely teen-agers in formal gowns. Some even go so far as to call your magazine "unchristian"! (I consider myself a good Christian but it is these letters, rather than your pictures, which offend me!)

To you, the editors, I plead—do not let this minority influence your magazine. To them, I plead—put on your high-necked, long-skirted dresses, climb gracefully into your horse-drawn buggies, and ride back into the 19th century!

More Bathroom Poetry

MRS. THURSTON SHUMWAY
Wyalusing, Pa.

Shelton McKean's *Lessons on the Looking Glass* [January, page 26] is delightful. I wish to report that this

technique gets results at our house, too although my poetry is worse. Here is the current example on my daughter's mirror:

I love clean and lovely girls
From tips of toes to ends of curls;
Fingernails as white as snow,
Teeth with a pearly glow;
Skin scrubbed clear and pink
(Makes young men turn and wink
Dresses fresh as daisies white,
Undies changed every night;
Underarms get special care
No stale odors linger there;
Fragrant hair has a lovely sheen,
I love girls who are CLEAN.

Once Dubious, Now a 'Convert'

GEORGE W. CORNELL
Religion Editor
Associated Press, New York City

May I say that at the time the Gener Conference was debating on startir TOGETHER, I found myself personal agreeing somewhat with the dubio faction. However, after seeing the la few issues, I'm a 100 per-cent conve to the plan. You're doing a beautif job and a great service for the Churc and its cause.

In Defense of Hazing

JOAN CHILD, *Bates College*
Lewiston, Me.

Re: *Hell Week's Gone* by Gordo Gould [March, page 20]: I wish defend hazing—not the malicious a humiliating type, but the hazing th is fully enjoyed by all. Hazing as I ha known it has been fun.

Each year Haze Day at Bates worked around a basic theme. Last ye

it was Alice in Wonderland and in my freshman year Haze Day was based on a Chinese theme. The girls are required to wear costumes which fit into these themes. These are really ingenious.

At Bates hazing also involves a ceremony, a meaningful and stirring one. This is the day the girls take off their bibs, debibbing we call it, and officially become Bates women. The boys have a similar ceremony involving beanies. Hazing is the freshman's big day; it is a day of honor rather than dishonor and shame.

Display Flags in Church?

MRS. HARRY KUGLER
Churubusco, Ind.

I am curious to know if the custom of displaying the American flag and the Christian flag at the front of the church has been abolished? In February's TOGETHER, the pictures showing the altars of the churches do not.

I think we should show our flags in our churches and certainly in the main part of the church where we worship our Savior.

Many churches do. See, e.g., the picture on page 2 of the June, 1957, TOGETHER.—EDS.

Wright Challenges This 69-er!

KARL H. KEEFER, *Retired Pastor*
Ann Arbor, Mich.

I especially liked *Is It Good-by to Gothic?* by Frank Lloyd Wright [February, page 32]. Charles Kettering once was asked, "What is the most important thing happening in the auto world?" His reply was, "Next year's model." So when Mr. Wright at 88 says, "The next one I am going to do" is the one he is most proud of, that challenges us 69-year-olds with something more than you "young fellers" can tell.

Modern Churches' . . . 'Best Ever'

R. H. LONGSTREET, *Architect*
Greenville, S.C.

It was a pleasure receiving the February issue of TOGETHER. I thoroughly enjoyed the complete issue and particularly that section devoted to the modern churches. The presentation was excellent and the color reproduction some of the best I have ever seen.

Organic Not Majestic

MICHAEL IRWIN ROEHM
Pittsburgh, Pa.

In *Is It Good-by to Gothic?* you have presented the ideas and convictions of Frank Lloyd Wright, one of the greatest Americans and one of the few who can speak earnestly of organic architecture. Modernistic architecture is the cor-

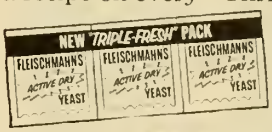
Young cook from Clark, South Dakota, is also a college student

State Fair Official Congratulates Cook

It's a big event when fair official, Mr. Max Oviatt, comes to present Mrs. Noel Fischer with an award right in her own kitchen! Just a short time ago Mrs. Fischer took first prize in the cooking competition at the South Dakota State Fair.

A home economics student as well as a homemaker, Mrs. Fischer believes in doing things the handy way. So when a recipe calls for yeast, she uses Fleischmann's. "This dry yeast is so speedy," she says. "And keeps for months. It's nice to know it's on hand when I need it."

Spring in the air, treats made with yeast on your table—what an inviting combination! And if you bake at home, use Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast—the very best! This dry yeast is so convenient, keeps for months on your shelf, always rises fast. And it's easy to use. Keep Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast handy for the new "Yeast-Riz" Main Dishes—there's a recipe on every "Thrifty Three."



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Challenges Other Denominations

S. T. RITENOUR, *Exec. Director*
Dept. of Church Building
National Council of Churches
New York City

Congratulations on the February issue. I am particularly impressed with two things: (1) the fact that you have highlighted church architecture and (2) have done it so well with your cover and illustrations, plus the article by Frank Lloyd Wright. You have been audacious on all scores and deserve heartiest commendation for your own church's leadership in this enterprise, and by so doing challenging other denominations.

Right Church, Wrong Architect

JOHN J. MAIN, *Pastor*
Evanston, Ill.

We are delighted to have Emmanuel Methodist Church pictured in *Down the Years With Church Architecture* [March, page 35] as an outstanding example of a traditional architectural style. One correction, however. Our records show that it was designed not by the firm of Holabird and Roche but by the late John Root, Sr.

Thank you. Mr. Root was a distinguished architect who also reflected glory on his profession and was a founder of the well-known firm of Burnham and Root.—EDS.

For Whom Does He Speak?

SILAS BEALL
Clarksburg, Md.

I have read Bishop Oxnam's piece, *I Believe in Man* [February, page 10]. Is this Methodism? Is the bishop writing this as a man or is this what the bishop thinks the church stands for? When I say the church, I mean the people. I would like to hear what others think.

Disagrees With Oxnam

E. R. ASPDEN
McDonald, Ohio

I should like to express my reaction to Bishop Oxnam's *I Believe in Man.* I am only an obscure layman in a small Methodist church, but I am a believer in revealed truth and believe our Lord's statement in John 17:17—"Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth." I call your attention to one paragraph only:

"I can understand the pessimism of some religious thinkers whose only answer is, 'Man is a fallen creature, cursed by original sin, disposed to evil, damned unless he accepts Christ.'"

Anyone who is familiar with the Bible, by using any fair or reasonable system of interpretation, can place our Lord Jesus Christ, the Holy Spirit, and almost every writer in the Bible in the class of pessimistic religious thinkers.

Bishop Oxnam . . . 'Stimulating'

ROBERT E. MITZEL, *Pastor*
Maryland Line, Md.

As I read the wonderfully stimulating *I Believe in Man* I became increasingly aware that here is a paradox. While the bishop states that he believes in man because he believes in God, the opposite speaks to me from the manuscript. To me, the article states: "I believe in God because I believe in Man. Only belief in such a Creator can explain the potential greatness of such a creation."

I can hardly wait to get my copy of *A Testament of Faith.*

'I Believe in Christ'

JOSEPH R. ALLEN
Sedalia, Mo.

I have just finished a second reading of Bishop Oxnam's *I Believe in Man.*

As a layman, I want to express my amazement that one of our bishops should take the position that only the pessimist believes that "'Man is a fallen creature, cursed by original sin, disposed to evil, damned unless he accepts Christ.'" As I read my Bible, there is no other hope for man, only through Christ. To believe otherwise would seem to lead to only one conclusion, namely that Christ died for naught.

Neither in I Believe in Man, *nor the book,* A Testament of Faith, *from which it was excerpted, does Bishop Oxnam deny the fact that only Christ can save man from himself.*—EDS.

'Changed . . . Refreshed'

CHARLES F. HARTLEY
Excelsior Springs, Mo.

TOGETHER at first had but a vague meaning to me when it was suggested as a name for our church paper. But I must now say, after reading TOGETHER and communing together with Methodists, my attitude has changed and my memory and imagination have been refreshed.

Together / NEWSLETTER

IVIL WAR OUSTS MISSIONARIES. Hostilities on Sumatra are hampering Methodist work. Three women missionaries—Mrs. Charles E. Shumaker, Columbus, Ohio; Miss Ann Metz, South Pittsburg, Tenn., and Miss Jessie Wolcott, Spirit Lake, Iowa—have left Medan, Methodist center, for Singapore. Return date: uncertain. Methodists on Sumatra number 8,000.

LAN WALKER'S NEW POST. The Australian Methodist evangelist (see his "A Look at Us From Down Under," February, page 15) has been named superintendent of Central Methodist Mission, Sydney. The Mission is the oldest Methodist church in the commonwealth and largest of any denomination in the Southern Hemisphere. It administers 12 institutions, including two hospitals, three homes for the aged, and the Delmar Children's Home. Walker succeeds Dr. Frank Rayward.

O HONOR PRIME MINISTER. Britain's Harold Macmillan will deliver the commencement address and accept an honorary degree at Methodist-related DePauw University, Greencastle, Ind., June 8. His grandfather, Dr. John Tarleton Belles of Kentucky, was DePauw's first medical graduate in 1851. Although his mother was Methodist, Macmillan is a member of the Church of England.

EEKDAY RELIGIOUS EDUCATION GAINS. An estimated 4 million children of all faiths now are released from public schools once a week to attend religious classes, reports the National Council of Churches. The U.S. Supreme Court in 1952 gave the go ahead to released-time classes not held on school property.

OODWILL INDUSTRIES AIDS 30,300. The corporation, originated by Methodists and now the nation's largest program of nonprofit, private services for the vocational rehabilitation of the handicapped, set new records in 1957. Earned income increased 14 per cent to nearly $28 million; number of handicapped served, up 2,000; wages paid, $16.2 million.

UNDAY SCHOOL BY MAIL. Methodism's new project for families too far away to attend church school has enrolled 300 families. The Board of Education's department of Christian family mails curriculum materials free. Methodists in 35 states are participating. Biggest response: Wisconsin, Colorado, Montana.

HOULD AIRLINES SERVE DRINKS? Spokesmen for air agencies differ. At a recent Methodist-sponsored seminar, Capt. Charles Beatley of the Airline Pilots Association urged the practice be stopped. But Stanley Gewirtz, Air Transport Association vice-president, replied that not one aircraft accident in 20 years could be traced to the serving of alcoholic beverages. The Civil Aeronautics Board "is impartial on this issue," said Ross I. Newmann, assistant general counsel.

(*For more church news see page 64*)

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"I love coffee and I found the more tired, nervous and upset I felt, the more coffee I drank.

"Finally, I went to the doctor and he pointed out that perhaps I was '*over-coffeed*'—getting too much caffein. He suggested a change—advised me to drink Postum instead because Postum's 100% caffein-free.

"You know, Postum's really good, doubly so because I sleep and feel so much better. My wife says I look and act younger, too!"

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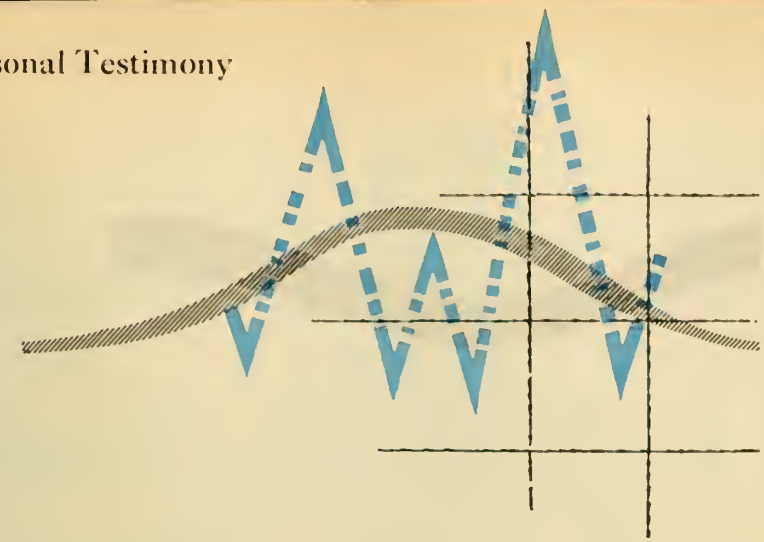


You Can Be Too Self-reliant

By J. C. PENNEY

AFTER FINISHING high school, I worked on my father's Missouri farm. One season he gave me four acres to put into watermelons and I grew a bumper crop. When the county fair opened, I loaded a wagon with melons and drove to the fairgrounds, setting myself up outside the front gate. The melons were selling like hot cakes when my father approached and ordered me to return home. Protesting, I obeyed.

At home, my father explained that the fair was a business venture. Other people had to pay for booths and exhibits, but I was horning in without paying my way.

"Would you," asked my father, "like it if you paid for a concession and some free loader got the benefits?"

That ended it. So after two years on the farm —I had decided I'd never make a farmer—I went to work for a local merchant at $25 a year. A few weeks later my father died, leaving nothing to me except these words:

"Jim will make it. I like the way he has started out."

His was a priceless benediction, more valuable by far than any money or land he could have left me. I thought of this often when the J. C. Penney stores were first established after years of planning and hard work.

As the business grew, I had the basic feeling that everything was up to me. I had to make the right decisions—I had to do the job. My own sense of personal power increased as the business increased, but I continued to believe myself a religious man.

By the late 1920s, my interests were far-flung and I had millions to pour into projects dear to my heart. Then the stock market crashed and the depression hit. My debts exceeded $7 million. At 58—when many men begin to think of retirement—J. C. Penney was against the wall. I had to start over.

The facts I faced were hard. But they helped clear my head. Like so many, I had thought it sufficient to do the right thing, to be self-reliant, hard working, and ambitious. More and more, as my business had grown, I had placed the spiritual side of living in a separate compartment. I had still governed myself by the golden rule, but, I confess it freely, God had had very little hand in my thinking or my business. I hadn't quite lived up to my father's hopes.

Today I know it is possible to possess material wealth and yet be a failure. During my years of false success I allowed myself to think less about the power of God and more about the power of money.

It took some time and an entirely new kind of discipline to get me out of the swamp of despair. But I finally got back on firm ground after turning to God for guidance.

Yes, self-reliance without God is a barren philosophy. God is within the reach of all of us, no matter how self-reliant we feel ourselves to be. We have only to reach out, take his hand, and ask him to lead us.

During my time of crisis, I carried a slip of paper with me at all times. Written on it were these words from the 91st Psalm, words that are vivid in my mind today:

"He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler."

Women With the World On Their Minds!

By PEG KEILHOLZ, *contributing editor,* TOGETHER

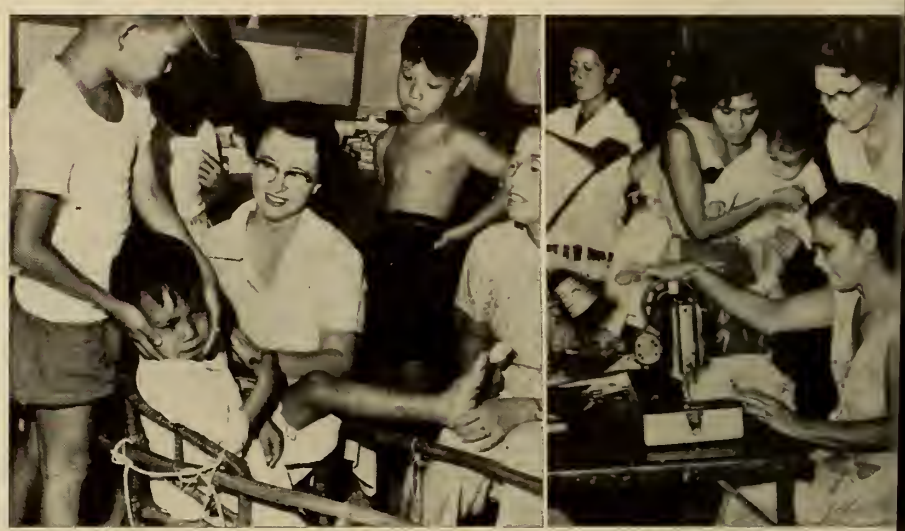
IN ONE unforgettable moment pretty Eunice Hutabarat dramatized for me Methodist women's work the world over.

She stood before 300 Methodist women leaders gathered in a quiet old inn at Buck Hill Falls, Pa. They were there to map a global missions program. Poised, colorful in her native cloth of gold sarong, this black-haired young woman flashed a confident smile as she took the center of the stage. Then simply—almost a benediction—she sang, *How Beautiful Upon the Mountains.* As she finished, women murmured with pride. Mrs. J. Fount Tillman, the group's president, leaned over to whisper to me the Sumatran girl's story:

"Just think—Eunice Hutabarat's grandfather was the first of his head-hunting tribe to become a Methodist minister. Her father is a Methodist preacher in the islands today, while Eunice is a Crusade Scholar in Nashville, being trained by the church to return for missionary work with her own people. This is just one example of what we've accomplished in three generations."

Mrs. Tillman continued: "In this girl, you see an outstanding reason we gather here on behalf of nearly 2 million members of the Woman's Society of Christian Service. I could give you countless others." Afterward I thought: *Whenever I hear anyone question missions, I will tell them about Eunice Hutabarat.*

I stayed that week to watch "the workingest women on earth," as somebody tabbed them. With evangelical outreach and an $8½-million budget, they planned mission projects in 31 foreign countries, the U. S. and possessions, and mapped a vast program of education and promotion. At the same time they set the sights for some 31,000 local societies whose bazaars and potlucks, and—most important—sacrificial giving add up to more Christian impact than this world dreams of.



Christian concern—*Medical aid for all ages is given at the hospital clinic at Kapit Sarawak (left), while WSCS home missions (right) teach skills to migrants*

The WSCS officially is a division of the Methodist Board of Missions, with work in three big fields: *foreign, home,* and *Christian Social Relations.* While the women team up with general church mission projects at home and abroad, still the ladies prefer to raise their own funds and to run their own show as they think best.

They have their own excellent publications, *The Methodist Woman* edited by Mrs. C. A. Meeker, and *The World Outlook,* edited jointly by Miss Dorothy McConnell and Dr. Henry C. Sprinkle.

The woman who currently pilots this amazing group is a trim, casually dressed Tennessee country woman who hasn't managed to stay home more than three consecutive weeks during the last two years. Mrs. Tillman was elected by the Woman's Division organization meeting of the Board of Missions in 1956.

The Lewisburg, Tenn., woman sees far beyond her backyard. As a young girl, Sadie Mai Wilson went out to Soochow, China, as a mission

Led by Mrs. J. Fount Tillman, 1.8 million members of the Woman's Society of Christian Service open their arms and hearts to the needs of people everywhere.

***Pride of the WSCS**—Allen High School (above) in Asheville, N.C., was opened for Negro girls 71 years ago. Admission now is interracial, and 144 attend. Another WSCS project, shown at right, is a West Coast club for oldsters.*

ary. Returning home, she continued her church work. Mrs. Tillman has been executive secretary with the Board of Education, a settlement-house worker, and, of course, active in local societies wherever she has lived. "Back home" she belongs to an 18-member society on a rural circuit.

Sadie Tillman speaks with a soft Southern drawl and thinks with the speed of a Sputnik. She works that fast, too! Since the WSCS has no over-all administrative executive, Mrs. Tillman carries the heavy burden of administration, public relations, and liaison with the other boards of The Methodist Church. In most of the latter meetings, she is the *lone* woman. Her advice is sought and her opinions respected.

On Sunday morning at the Buck Hill Falls Inn, President Tillman and Methodist women were invited by the Quaker proprietors to the customary Sabbath service. At the close, a curious little Quaker lady wanted to know of Mrs. Tillman: "Are all these women church employees?"

Mrs. Tillman had to explain that they were volunteers and that only a small professional staff is on salary. Membership in the woman's society is voluntary, too, and for the convenience of career women, there's the voluntary Wesleyan Service Guild with some 130,000 members using their special talents in 5,400 units.

How and when did the women begin to pack all this punch into The Methodist Church?

It started as far back as 1819. In that year, the church passed a resolution which recommended that ". . . females attached to the Methodist congregations be invited to form a society auxiliary."

Then, a few years later, when the Methodist women organized the first independent society, the men (as you might expect) stepped in to say in effect, "You raise the money and we'll spend it." For the record, they never got a chance! The women's tactful but firm reply was: "We will be as dutiful children to the Church authorities, but through our own organization we may do a work which no other can accomplish." Hartzell Spence, writing in *Look*, said recently that Methodist women

Women With the World on Their Minds! *continued:*

even out-crusade their preachers!

The volunteer spirit runs deep in the history of the WSCS. About a century ago, young schoolteacher Mary McClellan dropped a never-to-be-forgotten note in the missionary anniversary collection at the Mississippi Conference. It read:

"I give $5—and myself."

Soon after, in 1854, Mary McClellan journeyed to primitive, forbidding China with her husband, Dr. Walter Lambuth. One day in the 1870s Mrs. Lambuth sent a box of Chinese trinkets to a Mrs. Kelley at Lebanon, Tenn., and asked her to sell them to her friends and to send whatever money they brought to aid her in providing some elementary schooling for girls in Shanghai.

That schoolteacher's trinkets made Methodist history.

Mrs. Kelley not only sold them promptly, but paved the way for regular support of this distant Chinese mission, which in turn helped inspire the multitude of WSCS mission projects today. She called a meeting, to which six women came in a driving rainstorm, to organize the first Woman's Missionary Society of The Methodist Church, South.

At about the same time, Bishop James Mills Thoburn out in India wrote to his sister, Isabella, asking her to join him in his pioneer work. Eight Boston women stepped in to support this endeavor and organized the Woman's Missionary Society of The Methodist Episcopal Church.

Thus, from humble beginnings, stems the organization that today has the whole world on its mind!

If you were to fly around the globe today you'd find WSCS-financed foreign-mission projects thriving in 31 countries. At Buck Hill Falls, the women approved a $3½-million budget for medical, educational, and evangelistic programs.

Remember the color pictorial, *Wesley Village* [May, 1957, page 38]? Well, your church women lend willing hands in Hong Kong. There atop one of the new government apartment houses, Methodist women support a clean, modern school—a rare spot where refugee children can romp and worship together.

In faraway Sarawak, Christ Hospital cares for 1,000 people a month. This area now claims 6,000 Methodists, and it may have thousands more. It's one of our "Lands of Decision."

In India, human suffering soon will be relieved in a new hospital built on 23 acres given by a co-operative Maharaja.

In Bolivia, newly established vocational schools for young girls are doing much to raise living standards and wipe out age-old superstitions.

In Africa, WSCS missionaries are responsible for religious education in the state schools at Lodja.

And this is just a sampling of the WSCS world-missions program.

How does the Woman's Division manage to staff hundreds of projects in 31 countries? Each year the problem grows more pressing, and securing workers is one of the big projects for 1958-59. Mrs. Tillman says that every Methodist church has a responsibility in this field.

The Kansas Conference has long been a leader in this recruiting. They stress, for example, missions in their summer youth camps. At one of these camps, Jean Marie Powell first heard of missionary and deaconess work. As she listened breathlessly to missionary Mary Kessler, just back from China, Jean vowed to commit her life to the church. All through her college years the Woman's Division kept in close touch. Now Jean is at last ready and soon will be joining the organization of workers abroad—a *dedicated* recruit.

There's a new wrinkle now—in addition to those who enter full time service, many can sign up for three-year stints in the foreign field. It

How the WSCS Fits Into the Church Structure

BOARD OF MISSIONS OF THE METHODIST CHURCH

One of the 12 Major Church Agencies

150 FIFTH AVENUE — NEW YORK, N.Y.

Board of World Missions	Woman's Division of Christian Service	Board of National Missions
NEW YORK	NEW YORK	PHILADELPHIA
	Three Departments: Foreign, Home and Christian Social Relations	

catching on fast with college youth.

"The world needs our best," says Mrs. Tillman.

Now let's shift the scene to *home* or *national* missions, where another $3 million is spent. These far-flung programs—many of them under the deaconesses, the "Angels of Methodism"—account for one of the great

social services do much to brighten a distress area.

In Alaska, they operate a fully accredited well-staffed hospital that serves the people of the entire Seward Peninsula.

And from coast to coast, the Woman's Division maintains 28 popular residence halls where 1,000

The WSCS Challenges a Methodist Woman . . .

To commit herself to the spirit and principles of Christ for the whole world.

To accept responsibility in the total program of the local church.

To interpret the place of the educational institutions of the Woman's Division of Christian Service in the world mission of the church.

To confront the local church with the challenge of recruitment for missionary and deaconess service.

To create a fellowship without barriers in local church and community.

To identify herself with peoples of the world.

To speak and act boldly in Christ's name for justice and peace for all people.

and unique strengths of the church.

In New Mexico, the women support an interesting "Shepherd's School"—a summer term for Navajo Indian children who traditionally were confined most of the year to their reservations herding sheep. As a result of their start in these missions, many Navajo children are able to go on to regular schools.

North Carolina women are proud of a fine high school the WDCS supports for Negro girls, at Asheville.

In Michigan, the Woman's Division helps provide modern camps and sanitation and child care for the families of farm migrants.

In Oklahoma, the WSCS runs a "go-see" tour for Indian women who are brought to the agencies to hear talks on child welfare, old-age assistance, and personal problems.

In Pennsylvania, these women operate a community center whose

working young women find a haven and a home away from home.

The last phase of the WSCS is Christian Social Relations—helping make their homes and local community a better place to live.

Take Napa, Calif. There the Woman's Society noted that while much was being done for the youth of the community, the oldsters were being sadly neglected. Result: the WSCS got busy and sparked a non-sectarian "60 and over" club. At last count, it had 400 members and the community had employed a full-time recreation director. They age slower these days in Napa!

The women today concern themselves with every area of life and community affairs.

They find the answers to many personal and organization problems through the 20,000 prayer groups which meet regularly in the members' homes or in the church. Occasional week-end retreats are growing in popularity as a source of help toward greater personal power.

They organize to drive smut from the newsstands—and have done so in hundreds of towns. (Maybe yours should be next.)

They work to upgrade health and sanitation standards, they're interested in world affairs and foreign aid, and find time to shower their congressmen with vigorous mail.

For years, these women have been out crusading for better race relations. They've worked to help the Chinese and Japanese on the West Coast, the Mexicans in the Southwest, and Puerto Ricans on the eastern seaboard. The current WSCS study subject is "The Spirit of Christ—for All of Life," with intelligent application to the Negro problem. At Buck Hill Falls, Mrs. M. E. Tilly, Atlanta, was awarded the first WSCS citation for Achievement in Human Rights. Mrs. Tilly has given 20 years of selfless service to church and community.

With Christlike spirit, Methodist women are extending the ministry of the church in inspiring ways.

Up at Salem, Ore., the Wesleyan Service Guild of Jason Lee Methodist Church shocked officials by requesting permission to adopt an entire woman's ward at the state mental hospital. The "do-gooders" were criticized, but they were given a trial run with some reluctance.

The first day the women arrived with 22 pairs of gay, plastic drapes to hang at the long, barred windows. Next, they supplied the ward with enough cakes to stage a birthday party for everybody! They did "little" things—brought the patients lipstick, hand lotion, face powder, bits of sewing materials, copies of TOGETHER and other magazines, and attractive dresser scarves. They showed that somebody cared!

Patients commenced to respond. Today this therapy of love and care—combined with the latest medical advances—is opening new doors for the mental patients. Some authorities go so far as to call it a minor "miracle" and now other groups are hurrying to adopt mental wards, too.

The WSCS has had its ear to the world's heartbeat for almost a century! And its work has just begun!

Out of a windfall, a strange man worked the greatest of all miracles—he straightened out an embittered cripple's twisted soul.

Brother Randall

by OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

BROTHER Randall was the most completely good man I have ever known.

He was not an ordained minister, but a simple preacher. He had a minimum of formal education. The only book he read was the Bible, and that he not only read, but understood. In our little rural community his goodness was taken for granted. His life was devoted to the spiritual and physical well-being of others, regardless of race, color, or creed.

He was well along in his fifties: tall and gangling and shabbily clothed. He lived in a railroad section house that had been abandoned when the company built a new home for its section foreman. No one knew how he lived. He had no family, no known relative.

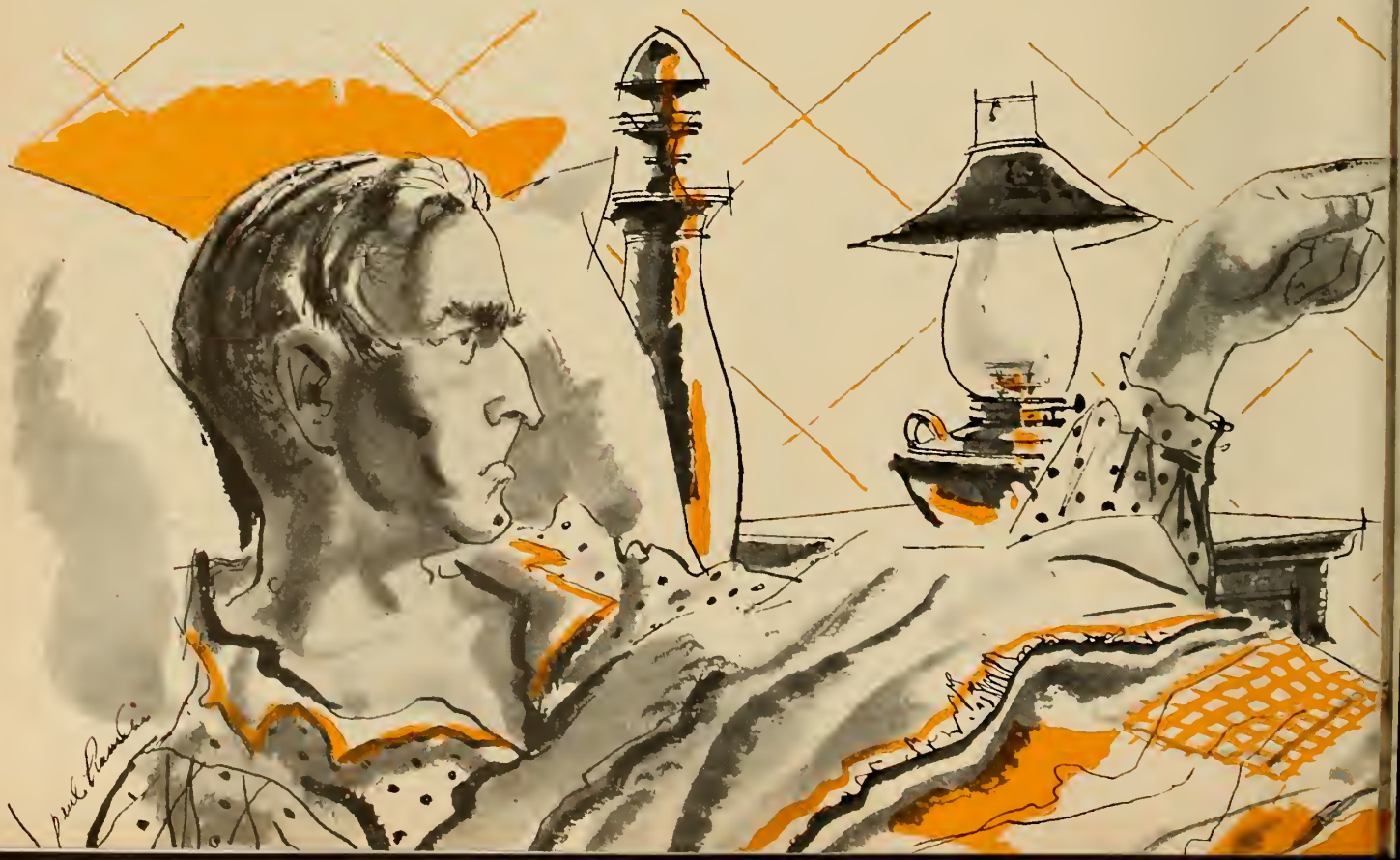
There was only one door in the town that was barred to him, one home in which he was not welcome. That was the house where Jethro Wilson lived with his wife, Annie.

Jethro was by way of being a town character, too. He owned a small farm, and once it must have yielded an adequate living for him and his wife. Then had come his accident, and from that time on Jethro Wilson was unapproachable.

Jethro's hip had been injured. No one knew—or cared—exactly how it happened. The accepted story was that a tree he'd been chopping down had fallen on him. As far as we knew, he never asked or accepted help. He possessed a grim pride and he thought that we of the town had a contempt for his poverty.

During the brief time when Jethro was compelled to remain in bed, following the accident, Brother Randall called upon him. He offered help. He asked Jethro to join him in prayer. Jethro refused, and ordered Brother Randall out of the house.

As the years passed, Jethro Wilson's hip condition became more serious. A doctor said that he had developed a traumatic arthritis as the result of inadequate treatment at the time of the accident and insufficient care thereafter. I understood nothing



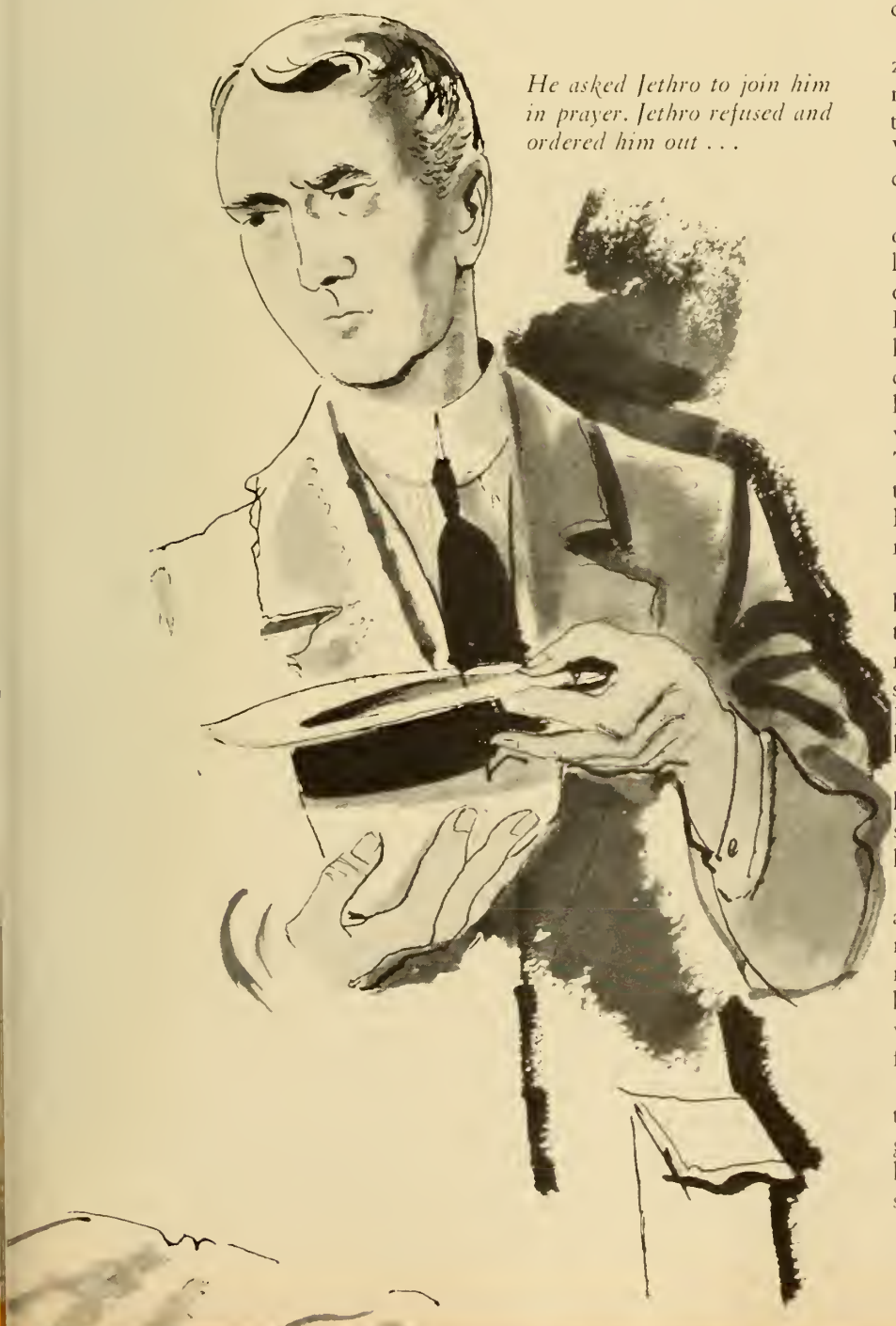
about the medical technicalities, but I realized that Jethro was continually in pain.

With the help of his loyal, valiant wife, he attempted to eke a living out of his little farm. It took him three days of agonizing effort to do a single day's work. At first, when his semi-crippled condition became apparent, several neighbors proffered their help, but their offers were brusquely rejected. Jethro said he'd rather starve than be dependent on others.

He became more helpless, less able to support himself. He was told that surgery was necessary if he was ever to recover full mobility. That would involve about four months' hospital bedrest after the indicated surgery—and four months without work, without income, was something Jethro could not afford.

He was willing to use the clinic facilities at the hospital: as a taxpayer, he felt he was entitled to that. But for him to be hospitalized for a third of a year was financially impossible. His interest payments had lagged. The bank was tolerant and indulgent, but sooner or later it was their duty to protect their investment.

At that time I was working as a law clerk in the office of the attorney for the bank. A situation arose involving occupancy of the old railroad section house in which Brother Randall lived. I went to call upon him.



He asked Jethro to join him in prayer. Jethro refused and ordered him out . . .

What I saw appalled me. The battered old structure was inadequately furnished. He was living in barren austerity, and yet he did not seem aware of the fact.

I found myself worrying about the kindly old man. Before I left his ancient, drafty shack, he prayed for me. Never did I listen to a longer, more illiterate prayer; never did I listen to a more sincere one. It occurred to me that God would not sit in judgment on one's literacy: he would hear only the outpouring of one's heart.

I reported to my employer the conditions under which Brother Randall was living. I suggested that the community should do something.

Someone started a fund. The citizens were asked to contribute. The response was good-natured, and tinged with considerable amusement. Wasn't Brother Randall the town character? A harmless nuisance?

Yes, they laughed. Yet at the end of two weeks a minor miracle had happened. Twenty-three hundred dollars had been raised for Brother Randall. Men and women denied having contributed. They were like children caught in the act of doing a kind and wonderful thing. They were embarrassed. But they gave. They gave because they understood that the man who had dedicated his life to their needs was himself in need of help.

A few days after the money had been turned over to Brother Randall, the president of the bank sent for me, my boss being out of town. He said, "Someone is coming to see me. I would like you, as our attorney, to hear what happens."

The visitor was Jethro Wilson. He limped into the bank and eased himself into a chair. You could see that he was suffering intense pain.

The bank president handed Jethro a paper. It was his note covering the mortgage the bank held on his meager little farm. The note had been marked paid. The mortgage was returned to Jethro. He was free from debt.

Jethro was angry. He demanded to know who had done this outrageous thing, who had made him the beneficiary of charity that he had not sought. He refused to accept it.

The banker explained quietly that

"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

Our small daughter was standing between us during a hymn so we gave her an open hymnal. She looked it over carefully, then handed it back.

"No pictures; all advertising," she explained.

—Mrs. H. A. Frerichs, *Ackley, Iowa*

When the collection plate was passed, the little old lady began fumbling in her purse. The nearer the ushers approached, the more frantically she searched her bag. Finally, noticing her plight, the little boy sitting nearby slid over and nudged her.

"Here, lady," he told her. "You take my dime. I can hide under the seat."

—Mrs. Marion Adams, *Arlington, Iowa.*

A woman noted for her remarkably ugly face was calling on the minister's wife when the little boy of the house blurted out, "You sure are ugly!"

The horrified mother chided him.

The boy was apologetic. "I only meant it for a joke," he said.

Without thinking, his mother replied, "Well, dear, how much better the joke would have been had you said, 'How *pretty* you are!' "

—Mrs. A. F. Dible, *Colby, Kan.*

An old bishop boarded a bus and began fumbling through his pockets. "Lost my ticket," he explained.

"That's O.K.," the driver said cheerfully, for he had the old man as a frequent passenger. "You can pay me later."

The bishop continued to search. "Don't worry about it," the driver repeated.

"I'm not worrying," the bishop explained. "Just forgot where I was going!"

—Herman Hocker, *Elwood, Ind.*

Send in your favorite church-related chuckle. If we print it, you'll receive $5. Sorry—no contributions can be returned.—Eds.

he had received an anonymous packet of currency with the instructions that it was to be used to satisfy Jethro Wilson's indebtedness. That had been done. Whether Jethro refused or not, the bank wasn't concerned. One fact stood out: Jethro owed no money, there was no longer a mortgage on his farm.

Jethro was bewildered. He knew that this was not a charitable gesture of the bank. He certainly didn't connect Brother Randall with the windfall, since it was common knowledge that Brother Randall had never owned a surplus dollar.

Of course, other citizens might have guessed, but not Jethro. He was perhaps the only person in town who had not been approached for a contribution to the Brother Randall fund.

What went on between Jethro and his wife, no one knew. But we did learn that Jethro negotiated a new loan from the bank. Most of the money he deposited to his wife. Then he contacted the clinic and arranged for the surgery he had so long needed, and also for a bed in the men's ward. There would be no charge for the medical attention or the hospitalization.

Long before Jethro was dismissed from the hospital, it was apparent that a change had come over him. His surly resentment had vanished. I believe he thought that the original mortgage had been paid off at the bank by community effort, and so it dawned upon him that he must be well regarded by his fellow citizens.

The belief that he was liked rather than disliked worked wonders with him. Hospital attendants reported that he was a co-operative and appreciative patient.

Men and women who always had been willing to like Jethro came to see him during the long days of his convalescence. They brought little gifts of home-cooked delicacies, and now he accepted them gratefully. He had renounced false pride in favor of honest pride. By the time he was discharged from the hospital—not completely well, but certainly well enough to work his farm—he was a different man.

And then one day I had occasion to visit Jethro's farm. I heard voices as I approached the open front door of the little cabin. One of the voices was that of Brother Randall. I heard him say, "We are all very happy, Brother Wilson. And now, may we pray?"

Brother Randall prayed. His prayer was long and sonorous and deeply sincere. He thanked God for his mercies; he gave thanks for the physical and spiritual well-being of Jethro and his wife. He rejoiced that Jethro had seen the Light and had found happiness in it. Finally he said "Amen" and then "Good-by."

The Wilsons followed him to the door. They begged him to return as often as he wished. They said Brother Randall's prayers made them feel better.

Brother Randall said, "You have found peace, have you not, Brother Wilson?"

"Yes," answered Jethro, "I have found peace and happiness. I couldn't feel otherwise, knowing what this community has done for me."

Brother Randall started his long walk toward town. I joined him. He was frail and tired, but his eyes shone with a deep inner glow.

I said, "Brother Randall, I heard your prayer and some of your conversation with the Wilsons. But why didn't you let them know that you made their happiness possible? Why do you reject the credit for your wonderful deed?"

He looked at me in surprise. "I did nothing," he protested. "Nothing."

"But it was your money that was given to the bank in Jethro's name. Jethro's thanks should go to you."

"You are wrong, Brother," he told me. "You perhaps know that God works in most mysterious ways his wonders to perform. That was never more true than in this case. I was merely his instrument."

We had paused under a big oak tree. Brother Randall said, "Shall we pray?"

I bent my head. And while he prayed for Jethro Wilson and for every other man and woman and child in the world, I caught a glimpse of the man's selfless, dedicated soul.

And I prayed, too. I prayed more fervently than I ever had prayed before or ever would again.

I gave thanks to God for the privilege of having known such a good man as Brother Randall.

A woman who has tangled with the dark terror that walks the world today finds how to conquer it. Her twin weapons—faith and prayer.

FACING FEAR

By CHARLOTTE EDWARDS

WHERE WORRY is a mouse, a small, scrabbling thing with sharp, tiny feet, fear is a lion, with a roar and huge, raking claws and teeth that can slash us to strips.

Where worry, with work, can be swept from our minds, leaving them fairly clear, fear is a panic in the blood, an attacking of the heart, a complete blotting of normal thought.

Fear is a thing all of us meet at some moment, unexpectedly, like an animal springing from overhead and behind us. There doesn't seem to be any way to avoid being occasionally, temporarily, even for just a moment, afraid when the unexpected happens.

But the thing that is happening to you, to me, to our homes, our towns and villages, our cities and counties, our country, our world, is the spread of a plague.

Fear is becoming constant.

It gets into the blood, and eats up our strength just as surely as leukemia. Our mind huddles in a little cave, never daring to peek out, terrifiedly aware of the dangers lurking in the open. Our heart shrinks, not having room for both outgiving, free emotions and those of self-protection. Our nerves quiver like just-used bowstrings, twanging all through us.

You know this is so. You can point your finger to a dozen people who are seeking release from fear.

Seeking it in liquor. Seeking it in pseudo ill health. Seeking it in psychology. Seeking it in drugs. Seeking it in television. Seeking it in sex, in money, in material possessions, in constant useless activity.

The list could go on and on.

Fear is not as simple a thing to conquer as worry, just as it, itself, is a bigger emotion. But if we look at the list above, we can see that in all of those things there is one common factor: The fearful people are running away from fear.

There is an ostrich-like quality about drinking too much, or going to bed ill, or analyzing every childhood misery, or taking sleeping pills, or sitting with glazed eyes before the TV set, or flirting with the opposite sex, or concentrating on making money, or buying a sports car on time, or sitting for hours in a meeting of some red-tape organization.

They are all escapes. They are all sedatives.

The fearful one, however, can run just so long before he falls, exhausted. He can use just so many sedatives before he drops into a real coma.

What to do? Where to start?

Big-game hunters can tell you how. You must not run from the lion. You must stand still and hold your gun steady and stare at him. Until you can see the bristle of his mane and the shape of his eyes. Then you fire. Straight and true. And the lion falls.

Fear is a lion. It must be looked in the face. It must be admitted.

Now, for a moment, let's stand still and see what we fear:

The atom bomb and the destruction of the world. Narcotics and juvenile delinquency. Cancer and polio and all unsolved crippling diseases. Financial insecurity and the loss of comfort. Death for ourselves or for those we love.

This list, too, could be enlarged pretty much without end. Any daily newspaper gives us new fears to add.

By making this list, then, of whatever items apply personally to us, we have again begun to march forward. We have begun the use of faith in the adult sense. We have looked at the face of our fear.

THE psychologists, the psychiatrists, the doctors, will all tell you that until you know what ails you, you cannot begin to be cured. Until you admit that you are ill, there is no way of healing you.

Seeing the face of fear, we acknowledge the illness of the world and of ourselves.

But it isn't enough to pinpoint what we fear. We must do something about it. So we take a big jump in faith. And it *is* a big one. It cannot be done at once. But this can be said:

It is impossible to believe in God, fully and with complete reality, and still live in fear.

God and fear are incompatible.

Faith and fear are the opposite ends of the pole.

There is only one way to seek es-

From Heaven on the Doorstep *by Charlotte Edwards, © 1958 by Charlotte Edwards. Published by Hawthorn Books, Inc., New York City.*

How are your

Sickroom Manners?

LIKE ANY other preacher, I spend a good deal of time visiting the sick. And I'm learning that in this, as in so many other fields, experience is the best teacher.

After hundreds of visits—and quite a few innocent blunders—I've drawn up some basic rules. Here are the key points:

1. Take your best smile and most inspirational mood into a sickroom.
2. Plan what to say in advance. Bring uplifting news, but keep it brief. Limit your visits to two or three minutes.
3. Never comment on a patient's appearance. If he looks well, he probably knows it.
4. Don't sit on the bed; you may cause the patient discomfort. Stay off unoccupied beds, too; sitting on them causes extra work for the hospital staff.
5. Don't smoke. Even patients who smoke prefer visitors who don't.
6. Leave medical talk for the doctor—and don't talk about *your* operation or *your* problems.
7. If you must be funny, keep jokes mild. Excessive humor is tiring.
8. Dress neatly. Patients get a lift from well-dressed, well-mannered visitors.
9. If visiting a patient as a group, stay together. Otherwise the patient may become tired from turning his head to talk with scattered visitors.
10. Visit only during visiting hours, preferably when they begin. Patients usually are tired by the end of the period.
11. Leave a message of hope, if only by speaking of the future. Leave, as you entered, with a prayer on your lips and faith in your heart.

—HERBERT E. RICHARDS

cape from fear. That is by substituting an active, positive, working faith in place of the most destructive emotion in the world.

We cannot believe in God and be afraid. It has been said to us already, as if it were a commandment, "Fear not, for I am with you always."

We fire faith at the beast of fear and he crumples.

Let's get back to our list.

We, as human beings, cannot see how the atom bomb can fail to destroy the world *but—*

God, as divine, can put it in the souls of men to be revolted by this evil, to see total sin in its ultimate use.

We, as parents, cannot see how we can keep our teen-age children from the widespread dope traffic and the criminal acts which go hand in hand with it *but—*

Faith, as a source of power, can help us to teach them the things that are right and good, to share our own repulsion for the vices which surround them.

We, as persons, read the articles about disease every day but—

God, as the healer, can put it into the minds of scientists to find cures, as he has since the beginning.

We, as family budgeters, can only save a penny here and there, hoping against hope that we won't reach our final years in destitution *but—*

Faith, as a firm belief, can set our country on an even keel, can build a world of economic sense.

We, as frail beings, cannot see into the unknown, into that secret place of death *but—*

God, as the welcomer, knows the place, makes it his home, has told us clearly how perfect it will be.

So now we begin to work toward the big faith. We start with prayer. Our prayer reaches out beyond ourselves, beyond our neighbors.

We pray for those who would destroy, that they may be changed in mind and heart.

We pray for all young people everywhere, that their sense of adventure will find wholesome channels, that we will be able to guide them, and that those who purvey their doom may be changed.

We pray that the control of disease will increase each day and that, if such disease should strike us, we will be given the courage to face it in dignity and strength.

We pray that we will not be a burden to those we love as we grow old.

We pray that death will be an answer and that once again, whether it happens to those we love or whether it is our own time, we will face it gallantly, knowing, as Shakespeare said, "A man can die but once: we owe God a death."

A prayer like that is a far cry from "Now I lay me down to sleep," or "God, God, God." A prayer like that is the commencement of true universality and even of loving our enemies, far advanced from the beginning of faith.

Because, just as fear can spread from person to person, town to town, and country to country, like a plague, so can faith spread around the world, a blessing on all whom it touches.

We pray that big way, leaving our minds open, and after a while a little real faith seeps in. It works slowly, almost gently, sometimes quite without our recognizing it. A crack in the plaster of our fear, let's say. A crack which widens and deepens. And finally, one day it breaks the plaster cast entirely, sweeping away everything except the pure flow of itself.

THAT is the day when we will stand tall. When we will walk with strength and speak with authority. That is the day when we will be free. Truly and completely free.

Let's not look toward that great end now, though. It, like so many magnificent concepts, can defeat us with its own glory when contrasted with our smallness and weakness.

Let's look only toward the *extension* of the act of prayer, the facing of the things we fear, the tentative knowledge that we are walking a way traveled by the greatest people ever born—the ones who lived bravely, freely, without fear of life or death.

They'll be glad to have us aboard, whether they are the Christian martyrs, or Dr. Schweitzer, Florence Nightingale, or Joan of Arc.

Or just that little old woman down the street, who has been crippled with arthritis ever since you've known her—and who is always cheerful, with candy in her apron pocket for the children of the neighborhood.

Must a church, in growing, forfeit its warmth?
This woman, who saw it happen, warns . . .

Don't Lose the Spark

By THELMA L. BEACH

IT'S TIME someone totaled up a balance sheet on our church expansion. True, we're enjoying highly encouraging membership increases and our churches are doing a good job keeping up with mushrooming demands for new facilities.

But is the price too high? Haven't some large churches, in expanding rapidly from smaller ones, lost their warmth?

I know this is a danger—because I saw it happen in my own church.

It was many years ago that my family and I presented ourselves at the door of a run-down suburban church. Compared with our last church in the city, this little house of God was a shack. Yet inside we found a warmth of fellowship that made us love that congregation.

This fine spirit of fellowship more than compensated for all the inconveniences. The church was heated by old-fashioned stoves. When the wind was from the east, they smoked; when it was from the west, they refused to burn. In the winter we went home numb with cold; in summer the heat was stifling.

When we women put on church dinners we had to carry food we'd prepared at home or struggle with the church's temperamental coal range. With only a cold-water tap, we had to heat water for coffee and dishwashing. The roof leaked, so we often picked our way through pans set to catch dripping water.

Because we couldn't afford a janitor, our minister tended the fires. His wife got out bulletins on a rickety mimeograph and addressed mail herself—or with the help of church women gathered around a big pot of coffee.

Hardships? We ignored them. And in that same state of soaring morale, we all pitched in to help build our long-awaited new church.

At first we were going to have it built, but rising prices forced us to change our plans. Enthusiastically, we rolled up our sleeves and built the altar rail, chancel furniture, and pews; laid sidewalks and tile floors; seeded the lawn; installed kitchen cupboards, and performed scores of other tasks. It was hard work—but we enjoyed it and felt drawn together through sharing the experience.

WE WERE justly proud when *our* new church was completed. Yet almost from the first it was inadequate. Last year we consecrated a large addition to the educational area and a splendid new sanctuary more than twice as large as the old one. This time, however, we had enough money; hired workers did everything.

Today many out-of-towners stop to admire our striking church. We sit on modern, comfortable seats and hear services through an expensive, carefully modulated public-address system. No more menial tasks for a preacher and his wife—not with two ministers, a secretary, two custodians, an organist, and a choir director. Where 10 years ago we had a scant 200 in the congregation, we now boast over 1,200.

It sounds almost too perfect—and it is. For somewhere we lost something important.

Our community should furnish a wealth of lay leadership. Yet one morning our church-school superintendent made 19 calls before finding a supply teacher. Filling a committee post is nearly impossible. The commonest reply to a plea for extra help is, "I can't, but I'll chip in to hire someone."

What has become of our willingness to "serve the Lord with gladness"? Haven't we suffered by sitting back and letting the church staff or the other person do the work?

I remember the old bazaars, where nearly every member was roped into a job. Some friends I treasure most are those with whom I stood all day at the booths, first on one aching foot and then the other. Even when dragging my tired body home those nights, I felt wonderful inside and was mulling over ideas for doing a better job next year. But bazaars ended the day someone figured that the money put into apron percale, cake ingredients, and dinner tickets —plus what we spent on things our friends made—just about canceled the profits.

IF THIS is progress, I want no part of it. My church has lost its old spirit—and I'm not sure why. Perhaps in this period of prosperity we have become too soft, forgetting what it is to deny ourselves and take up a cross.

Surely it shouldn't be necessary to go back to the days of smoking stoves and cold-water plumbing to know again the privilege and satisfaction of *doing* something for our Lord.

'City' With No Place to Go

***Gloom and misery** came to camp in tented cities such as this one near Tripoli in Lebanon. While refugees faced near-starvation and an uncertain future, wild winds and rain-storms swept in to tear tents to shreds. Camp is Nahr El Bared, its population 6,000. High mountain range in background is covered with snow four months out of every year.*

***Unwanted:** The future is bleak for a young refugee mother and her child.*

TEN YEARS AGO, as fighting broke out between Jew and Arab in the Holy Land, 900,000 Arab refugees fled their homes in Palestine to settle in desert areas and valleys beyond the borders of Israel. There they still live in tents, caves, shacks, veritably a city of almost 1 million souls with no place to go.

Why? It is not the purpose of these pictures to answer that question. Reasons for the tragic condition lie embedded deep in smoldering antipathies and international policies. Diplomats seem to agree neither on the causes nor the solution to the problems presented by this enclave of misery in the Near East.

But these pictures do provide a human document of people crowded together in wretched squalor, periled by disease and starvation in a barren and a wind-scoured land. And it is this fact that gnaws at the conscience of the world's Christians.

For years, political and psychological barriers to a solution have appeared insurmountable. Yet world leaders know something must be done for what happens here could decide the issue of world peace or war. The picture is not a pretty one. Yet hope remains—because something at last is being done to alleviate the human problem.

Now, for a glimpse of constructive steps being undertaken:

No room in the inn: *Joseph and Mary received that word in Bethlehem long ago. Nor is there room in Bethlehem today for this refugee family which has deserted its familiar home to settle in a limestone cave outside the ancient town.*

Homesick: *Alone and forsaken, an aged couple can only dream of the past and the land they may never see.*

Hungry: *On the fringe of a no man's land in Gaza, an Arab mother and her children wait patiently for rations.*

Your money *is going here. In addition to nearly 1 million refugees, 25,000 babies are being born each year, further straining critical relief funds.*

'City' With No Place to Go, continued:

Trainee: *At embroidery centers, girls learn to copy traditional patterns, now are selling much of their handiwork.*

TODAY, the old tent cities are giving way to more permanent buildings, some of brick and stone. Many refugees have been moved from caves, abandoned mosques, deserted schools. Sanitation and food distribution have been improved. Camps are better organized.

Much credit goes to UNRWA, the United Nations Relief and Works Agency, and volunteer agencies U.S. Protestants are working through, of which MCOR (Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief) is a part. Last year it contributed $87,000. MCOR allocation for the first quarter of 1958 was $30,000. UNRWA has a self-help plan and an educational program to fight the demoralizing effects of ration lines and unemployment.

This program is making it possible for refugees to learn to read and write, to be trained in social work, health, child care, to develop special skills. Employment opportunities are increasing as refugees put their new knowledge to work. Libraries and reading rooms are being established. Football, basketball, and other games are helping build morale.

Even more important than adult education, perhaps, is the educational program for children born in the camps. They have known only the life of the refugee. But they are bright and eager to learn . . . the hope of tomorrow in a desolate land.

Digging in: *A refugee brings up soil samples for testing by farm experts. His land is sandy but contains little salt. With proper irrigation it will grow profitable citrus crops, mangoes, and dates.*

Indnstry: *Vocational-training centers are teaching the men new skills and putting them to work in newly created jobs. These welders are typical of many in the camps*

Growing strength *of UNRWA's rehabilitation program is symbolized by these boys who engage in a tug of war, one of the most popular events at annual field days staged by the refugee schools. This camp lies at the foot of the mountains of the Cedars of Lebanon, "that goodly mountain," which is mentioned often in books of the Old Testament.*

Free education: *More than 170,000 children are being educated, the majority in UNRWA schools staffed by some 3,000 refugee teachers.*

Improved health *habits and cleanliness come with education and brighter prospects for the future. Much remains to be done—but volunteer agencies are stepping up their programs for these people.*

A Little Parable for Mothers

By TEMPLE BAILEY

THE YOUNG MOTHER set her foot on the path of life.

"Is the way long?" she asked.

And her guide said: "Yes. And the way is hard. And you will be old before you reach the end of it. But the end will be better than the beginning."

But the young mother was happy, and she would not believe that anything could be better than these years. So she played with her children, and gathered flowers for them along the way, and bathed with them in the clear streams; and the sun shone on them, and life was good, and the young mother cried, "Nothing will ever be lovelier than this."

Then night came, and storm, and the path was dark, and the children shook with fear and cold, and the mother drew them close and covered them with her mantle, and the children said, "Mother, we are not afraid, for you are near, and no harm can come." And the mother said, "This is better than the brightness of day, for I have taught my children courage."

And the morning came, and there was a hill ahead, and the children climbed and grew weary, and the mother was weary, but at all times she said to the children, "A little patience and we are there." So the children climbed, and when they reached the top they said, "Mother, we would not have done it without you." And the mother, when she lay down that night, looked up at the stars and said: "This is a better day than the last, for my children have learned fortitude in the face of hardness. Yesterday I gave them courage. Today I have given them strength."

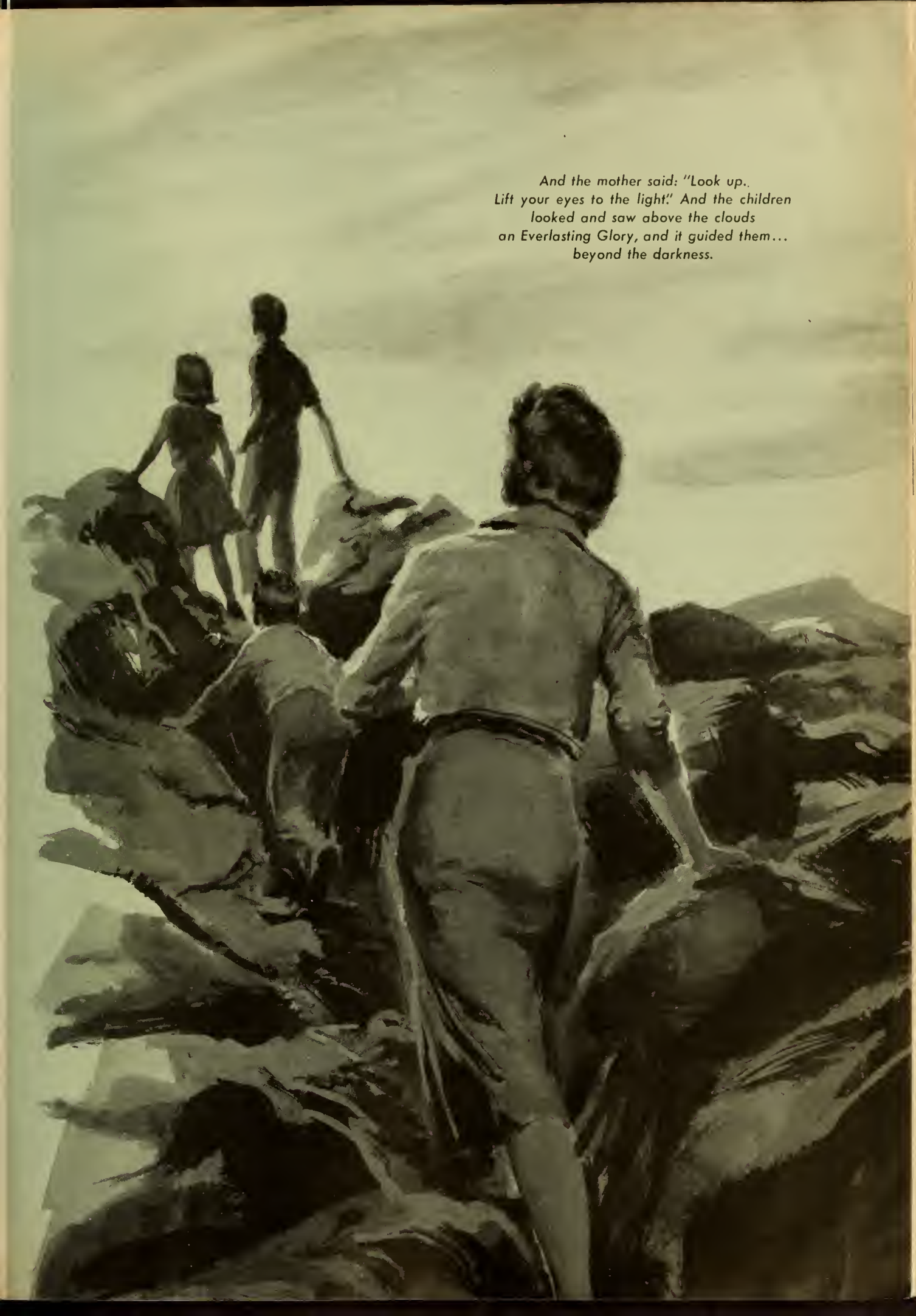
And the next day came strange clouds which darkened the earth—clouds of war and hate and evil, and the children groped and stumbled, and the mother said: "Look up. Lift your eyes to the light." And the children looked and saw above the clouds an Everlasting Glory, and it guided them and brought them beyond the darkness. And that night the mother said, "This is the best day of all, for I have shown my children God."

And the days went on, and the weeks and the months and the years, and the mother grew old, and she was little and bent. But her children were tall and strong, and walked with courage. And when the way was hard, they helped their mother; and when the way was rough, they lifted her; for she was as light as a feather, and at last they came to a hill, and beyond they could see a shining road and golden gates flung wide.

And the mother said: "I have reached the end of my journey. And now I know that the end is better than the beginning, for my children can walk alone, and their children after them." And the children said, "You will always walk with us, Mother, even when you have gone through the gates."

And they stood and watched her as she went on alone, and the gates closed after her. And they said: "We cannot see her, but she is with us still. A mother like ours is more than a memory. She is a living presence."

READER'S CHOICE. This parable, reprinted by permission of *Good Housekeeping*, appeared in the May, 1933, issue of that magazine, and was first suggested—11 other readers followed—by Mrs. Harry A. Lee of Salt Lake City. Why not share your favorite story or article? If chosen, and you're first to suggest it, you will receive $25.—EDS.



And the mother said: "Look up.
Lift your eyes to the light." And the children
looked and saw above the clouds
an Everlasting Glory, and it guided them...
beyond the darkness.

What About Those

All-Night Graduation Parties?

Like it or not, this custom is sweeping the country. Do you want your son or daughter staying out until the dawn?

Next June, many teen-agers experience one of the high points of their lives—high-school graduation! It's a time to celebrate. Just how *is another matter, however, and of growing concern to parents. For one thing, the all-night party, started about 1940, is a flourishing custom.*

Parents have been writing us about it. They feel strongly on both sides. "Any ideas you can give us will be most welcome," a mother wrote. TOGETHER *is glad to share these readers' views. Then turn the page for 10 ideas you can try in your community. These youngsters may keep you up all night, but it's better than lying awake worrying where they are!*

Wants Something 'Special'

Bonnie Baker, Kansas City, Kan.—I'm 18 and will graduate this year. We all want to do something "special" on that night of nights. An all-night party at a friend's house with a few adults nearby would keep a lot of kids out of trouble, instead of just "out."

Paul L. Harrison, Hartford City, Ind.—Our town led the way. The Kiwanis Club sponsored the first all-night festival in the U.S., to the best of our knowledge.

After the high-school party, we had a real movie world premier—*On the Riviera,* with Danny Kaye. Then another party at the Elks Ballroom, after which everybody rushed home to change into blue jeans for a big breakfast at the American Legion Hall. The festival ended at the country club with square dancing, food, and outdoor and indoor games, lasting until 8 A.M.

And the man responsible for the whole idea was Paul McKee, who has two daughters of his own, and is a Methodist!

Mrs. Eugene R. Melson, Jefferson, Iowa (Mother of six, the eldest a girl of 15)—I think it is time parents start acting like parents and treating children like children, with necessary curbs on freedom until they wisely can make their own decisions.

Could it be that young people of today have grown up with too many toys, too many clothes, too much of everything they want? When they come to dating age, it seems, they want all that activity has to offer—but with none of the controls.

Self-denial, whether self-imposed or of necessity, is a basic requirement for the making of good character. I wonder if it wouldn't help our young people if we held back a little on the reins of freedom.

Caroline Bengtson, Hastings, Neb.—"Everybody's doing it" is never the truth. In some towns, four years of high school have consisted of parties, dances, long trips, and endless social affairs, with as little study as possible. All-night graduation parties are the climax. Then comes marriage with high rents, installment buying, unemployment, and other cold realities which some of these young people cannot meet. The school should not handle social life. This should be left to the family and the church.

Adults Should Decide

Mrs. G. R. Mabry, Chattanooga, Tenn.—I have three daughters, now married, and I understand what these mothers are going through. I hope they'll *do* something, and not just stew and fret (out loud) the way I did!

Parents should band together and let school officials know they mean business by setting the time for starting and limiting the closing time to a reasonable hour.

Mrs. Marlene A. Vig, Sanger, Calif. (20-year-old mother of a 6-month-old son)—When I graduated from high school I stayed out all night. It was truly a memorable experience.

About 20 of us met after our personal graduation parties and drove to a river near our town. We built a fire on the beach and roasted hot dogs. There was no drinking, no smoking, no discrimination (in our group were Mexicans, Italians, Germans, Japanese, Armenians, and others). We just sat around the fire and talked of the fun we'd had

Youngsters want to celebrate graduation night, and some parents who join with them in a well-planned schedule of wholesome fun say it can be a joyful time.

together since kindergarten days, sang songs we learned in school, and finally shared our future plans and ambitions. This experience drew us all closer than we'd ever been.

Estell R. Casebier, Fairview, Ky.—Being 22, I still consider myself somewhat of a youth, and I'd like to register my opinion that the all-night party is wrong. A "class night," an optional in this area, is usually all right.

Dave Holmes, Council Bluffs, Iowa—There's absolutely nothing wrong with them. I feel that anyone who might do something wrong wouldn't need to wait for an all-night party. In fact, they probably would feel rather proud of being trusted to attend such an affair, and would be on their best behavior.

Mrs. Marshall A. Bridwell, Poplar Bluff, Mo. (Mother of two high-school graduates)—While not in agreement with the fad, we worked out a plan because almost everybody is doing it.

I prepared a full-course chicken dinner while the youngsters were at their school party. Food was ready when they came in at midnight. My husband and I were not "looking on," but we were there to oversee it all. In this way my daughter and a few of her special friends were allowed to have an all-night party under proper supervision. The next year several mothers made the dinner a covered-dish affair, with host parents keeping watch in the background.

It would be wonderful if the youth secretary in each local WSCS would sponsor such a party in the church for all Methodist graduates and their dates.

Not School's Responsibility

Hugh R. Thrasher, High School Principal, Tell City, Ind.—The school has finished its responsibility at the completion of the prom. If civic organizations wish to take over, it meets my approval.

Janice Dunn, Winona, Minn.—Our senior-high Sunday-school class thinks the party should be properly planned and supervised, not just "thought up" that night. There should be a good variety of things to do—enough to keep everybody busy during the whole party. There should be food to eat and soft drinks.

Shirley Ann Waxbom, Columbus, Ohio—A person only graduates from high school once. Let him have all the fun that goes with it. If a parent is worried about *wreckless* driving due to the excitement, why not add to the good time by an extra graduation gift—fare to come and go to the "all-night" in a taxi? That would be the height of luxury!

Let the Church Help

Mrs. William M. Smith, Grabill, Ind.—Interested church people planned the entire night for our students. After the banquet a chartered bus took the youngsters to a lodge used as a church camp in summer. They sang all the way—a 50-mile trip. Once there, well-planned activities and good food filled every minute until it was time for the drive back. We got them home about 5 o'clock.

Marilyn Moore, Cheshire, Conn.—I'm 16, and I do not think there is any reason to stay out all night. In our town the prom ends at 12, after which a local restaurant stays open until 3 o'clock and provides food. This activity is sponsored by the Jaycees but paid for by the youngsters. It is a nice finish for the evening.

Mrs. W. L. Martin, Eugene, Ore.—At my granddaughter's school a plan was presented quite early in the year. After some discussion by faculty and students, details were worked out at a meeting with interested parents of seniors.

The program began after graduation exercises, when all seniors and some parents acting as chaperons went to the student-union building on the nearby university campus. It ended with a fine breakfast served in the cafeteria. Everyone thought the party was a great success. There were no unpleasant situations.

Mrs. Doris Miller, Moores Hill, Ind. (Mother of three)—Let's keep all-night proms! We had our first one two years ago, and the parents had

10 Tips for Your Community:

1. Start early to discuss and plan. Have a good, responsible person manage the affair.
2. Inelude seniors on the planning committee. Accept and adopt some of their ideas.
3. Enlist the interest of everybody in the community. It will add to your success.
4. Publicize all plans as they are made. Parents will bless you for this information.
5. If possible, provide transportation for every student so none will need to drive.
6. Keep costs at a minimum, especially if the students are to pay. It's a good idea anyway.
7. Assign youngest parents the hardest hours—they *ought* to have more stamina!
8. Be prepared for any kind of weather. It could rain, and frequently does.
9. Enjoy yourself and the students will, too. Nothing is as eontagious as a good time.
10. Tell graduates how much you enjoyed being with them to eelebrate their graduation.

more fun than the kids. It kept the kids in town (they used to *have* to drive to Cincinnati), and although it was the first time many of us had stayed out all night, we couldn't have spent our time in a more pleasant, worry-free way.

Mrs. Earl Redman, Vacaville, Calif.—Well-planned from beginning to end, it can become one of those never-to-be-forgotten memories. Ours was free, so there was no reason for anyone not to come if he wished. Enlist the enthusiastic support of students, teachers, ministers, and, in fact, the whole town. They'll all get into the spirit of the occasion.

Mrs. R. Stanley Hughes, Valley, Neb.—My daughter will graduate this year. I have heard all the arguments, pro and con, from parents, students, faculty, and interested persons, but I still hope my daughter will feel she has had a "full evening" by the time the lovely banquet and prom close. All-night parties seem more like college or university affairs, not high-school fun.

Mrs. H. P. Harrington, LaSalle, Ill.—I am in favor of them if they are run correctly by a responsible organization, as they are in our town. It makes the kids think they are really special when people go to all that trouble for them, and saves parents worry about their driving around on their own.

Mrs. William Hoevenoor, Fern Creek, Ky.—That party was awfully important to me back in 1940. Looking back, I believe it is possible to plan a night of wholesome, clean fun that will still satisfy the teen-ager's need for excitement.

After my graduation, we all went home for an evening with family and relatives. Then, about 11 o'clock, we assembled at one girl's house. Her parents were dependable and tireless. First we played records, table tennis, and other noisy games. About 3 A.M. we gathered around the fireplace and just talked. Later, the girl's mother helped us cook a hearty breakfast. We all went home with happy memories, and our folks hadn't worried.

Mrs. Glen D. Auble, Ord, Neb.—All dressed up, and no place to go! The junior-senior banquet in our town started promptly at 6:30. Weeks had been spent on preparations—decorating the gym, choosing new formals and hairdos. Now, at 9 o'clock, it was all over. Speeches, music, and Methodist scalloped chicken all were excellent, but it was too early to just go home.

So, four couples came to our house, lit the logs in the fireplace, and sat talking for hours while playing favorite records. Finally they went on to another girl's home for scrambled eggs and toast. At dawn, tired but content and happy, they returned to their homes.

Luanne Cobb, Arcadia, Calif.—I graduated last year, and our all-night party was a wonderful and thrilling climax to 13 years of school. We seniors and our parents had planned something for every minute, and it was much more fun than just driving around with no preset destination.

I feel it is the duty of churches, parents, and students themselves to promote this type of party.

Mrs. Kenneth Woodring, Lakeview, Ohio (Mother of two, wife of a football coach)—"Yes" and "no." Yes—if the teen-agers are the driving force behind organizing and planning the biggest and best party ever. No—if the party is planned "to keep the kids out of trouble." Then it won't succeed.

It's like putting on perfume to cover up BO. It does nothing to help the basic problem, and the immediate effects can be every bit as bad as the original trouble.

J. C. Gibson, Waco, Tex.—"Everybody's doing it"? What if everybody's wrong? Parties for any age group after 2 A.M. are not productive of fun, but folly. Such hours are abnormal, enervating, and unnecessary for social intercourse. It suggests emergency, time running out. If we have all-night parties, why not week-long parties, eight-quarter football games, and 30-day celebrations of national holidays?

Mrs. Jack Arthur, Gary, Ind.—I'm just a few years out of high school, married, and with two little boys. When this problem became prominent in our school the mothers and the PTA got together and decided on parties every hour throughout the night, with invitations included with the prom tickets.

The first party began an hour before the prom; the others followed it—up to and including a breakfast party. Sleepy-eyed mothers and dads were very good hosts to the teens, many of whom traveled between parties in groups.

Maybe There's A Scholarship For You

By ROGER PIHL

IF YOU CAN SING, bake a cherry pie, or build a soapbox racer, if you're interested in water ballet, if you're a nonsmoker, or if you just want to go to college, chances are there's a scholarship waiting for you!

Scholarships are available today for everything from aquatics to zoo keeping. Most are granted on the basis of scholarship, need, and character. But many require only the proper surname, proper occupation of the applicant's father, or some such developed talent as singing, writing, carillon playing, speaking, painting, or bowling. Still others may be obtained, in part, through affiliation with the Boy Scouts, some nationality group, a church, or by living in a particular town or state.

Right now Congress is focusing attention on scholarships with discussion of President Eisenhower's recommendation of $31 million for scholarships and fellowships. Latest government figures list 237,000 scholarships worth $66 million now available. Some 20,000, worth about $4 million, go begging each year!

Are you eligible? The list of sources is too long to print, but here are a few tips!

If you're a Methodist, or attend a Methodist-related school, you're lucky. Authorities estimate that almost $4 million is available at 107 Methodist-related institutions of higher learning. The Board of Education of The Methodist Church alone plans to provide 489 National Methodist Scholarships this year on the basis of need and church leadership. Each is worth up to $500 for tuition and fees for a school year.

There is plenty of other scholarship money available, too. Several books can help you find it. Among these: *College Scholarship Guide,* by Lovejoy and Jones (Simon & Schuster, $1.95); *You Can Win a Scholarship,* by Samuel C. Brownstein and others (Barron's Educational Series, Inc., $2.98); *Scholarships, Fellowships, and Loans,* Volume II, S. Norman Feingold (Bellman, $3.95), and *Scholarships and Fellowships Available at Institutions of Higher Education,* Bulletin 16, U.S. Office of Education (U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C., 55c). It's also wise to ask any college's admissions officer, high-school guidance teachers, ministers, and public librarians.

THE LIST of unusual scholarships is almost endless. Maybe you qualify for one of these. Harvard College, for example, has a $400 grant for a kinsman of Lady Ann Mowlson, who resided in London in 1643. Daughters of farmers and clergymen, and sons of taxi drivers all have a chance at some special scholarships.

Eligible American Indians may receive free tuition at Dartmouth College. Daughters of working secretaries are eligible for help under other grants. Children of fishermen in Massachusetts, sons of insurance men, doctors' daughters, and daughters of foreign missionaries all are singled out for certain scholarships. At Yale, freshmen tenors good enough to sing in the Glee Club may apply for similar assistance.

If you held a job during high school in New Jersey or New York, there may be a Horatio Alger scholarship waiting for you. New York State also gives about 5,000 Regent awards of $350 annually for four years to the top five per cent of high-school graduates in the state.

Perhaps best known are the National Merit Scholarships of up to $2,100 a year for tuition, fees, room, and board. Some 600 are given every year on a competitive basis.

Lucrative as the scholarships are, the financial picture for eligible students seeking loans and job help is even brighter. Some $78 million is offered each school year in loans and campus employment. Our denomination's Board of Education has a $5-million loan fund for needy students. Last year, $541,475 was lent to needy—and worthy—Methodist students. This year the board expects to put about $700,000 into circulation. Maximum loan to any student is $1,500. Average loan in '57 was $240 for students in Methodist schools and $270 for Methodists in non-Methodist institutions.

And don't forget the reserve officers' projects sponsored by the government. The Navy operates such a program at 52 colleges and universities. Tuition, fees, and maintenance grants are available. The Army and the Air Force programs provide $700 for juniors and seniors accepted for training.

So the money for an education is there. An eligible student has only to find it!

SKY RESEARCHER: Dr. Dryden, left, seeks nature's secrets, often fills pulpit.

PEACE-SEEKING SCIENTIST. The director of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics—and a pioneer in developing guided missiles—is Dr. Hugh Dryden of Washington, D.C., a scientist who has held a Methodist local preacher's license since his college days. A top man in aviation research, he has made so many scientific contributions, especially in the mechanics of turbulence, that the honors he now holds are too long to list. Among them is the U.S. Army's Medal of Freedom—second-highest civilian decoration—for his analysis of Nazi Germany's guided-missile projects in World War II. Dryden, a member of Calvary Methodist Church, is active in the Men's Bible Class. His biggest thrill: occupying, as he sometimes does, the pulpit at Calvary Church.

Unusual Methodists

HEALER: While helping sick, Dr. Farrar talks to them of Christ and his mercies.

PHYSICIAN WITH A MESSAGE. At the Healing Arts Clinic, Manchester, Tenn., no patient can ever forget the greatest healer of all. Scriptural verses adorn the walls. And Dr. Howard Farrar is frequently closeted in prayer before an important medical decision is to be made. This board member of First Methodist Church also visits shut-ins; performs surgery (preceded by prayer) at the county hospital; takes food, medicine, clothing, and prayer to the poor farm; gives medical and spiritual aid at the jail; addresses young people; often preaches a Sunday service; has a weekly religious radio broadcast, and leads devotionals at the clinic. Recently he scored a long-dreamed-of victory by spearheading a successful crusade against liquor in a county election.

TOP TEACHER. School is fun for second graders in Ames, Iowa, because it's fun for the teacher. Jean Listebarger (who would enjoy teaching even if not paid for it) was recently chosen National Teacher of the Year from nearly 2 million public-school teachers. Her dedication to teaching and love of children won her the title. Soon she will go to Washington to meet President Eisenhower, Vice President Nixon, and a Congressional delegation, and will confer with the National Education Association staff. Miss Listebarger is on the official board and the commission on education at the Collegiate Methodist Church. Summers she attends Methodist Youth Caravans, travels, or continues graduate study. In her view—and in her hands—teaching is truly a Christian vocation.

ELITE EDUCATOR:
Pupils always have fun in Jean Listebarger's class. Teacher of the Year was chosen for leadership, concern for the individual, creative interest in work, love of children.

FARMER WITH A FUTURE. Winner of the National 4-H Dairy Award, Donald Dyke of Salisbury, Mass., once wished out loud that he had a heifer. And so his father bought him one when he graduated from grammar school. At that time there was no place to keep the animal except in the garage. But today, at 19, Don has a barn for his 31 cows. He also has a milk route—and works 80 acres of land. An active young Methodist, Don spends much of his sparse free time working in the 4-H Service Club. He started his climb to the national award by winning honors at the Essex County Fair, went on to take the championship in professional showmanship and fitting at the state level. Finally in nationwide competition he won the National Dairy Award—a $400 scholarship to any college. If he can arrange to continue his milk route and his work at home he'll accept the scholarship. But if it means selling his route and herd——well, Don will think twice about college.

SUPPERTIME: Donald Dyke feeds his favorite registered cow, Dyke's Dairy Marathon Beulah—the one that helped him win a national award.

Prayers are for the Big things

By ABIGAIL ALLEN A Together in the Home feature

WHEN GLORIA HANDED me the letter I knew something was wrong. At 14, she felt her mail was a personal matter. "Mommie," she asked, "what do you make of this?"

I took the letter and read: " 'Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and always acknowledge him and he will direct your path.' This prayer is sent to you for good luck. It has been around the world four times. The one who breaks the chain has *bad luck*. It must leave your house 24 hours after you receive it. Do not send money but send this copy and four others to someone you wish good luck. Then see what happens."

She watched me closely. "That's making prayer a matter of luck and superstition," I said. "I think it's wrong."

"I think so, too," she said, reaching for the letter. "That's why it's so hard. It makes me feel I'm not standing up for God and what I know is right if I send the letter on. But I'm scared to break the chain. Mommie, we can't have any more bad luck around here."

How awful, I thought, that this letter should come now. I wanted to tear it up and tell her: "What you're thinking has nothing to do with luck. Surely you can see that." But how could I expect her to understand the difference between faith and superstition? *Easy now,* I told myself. *You can only guide her.*

"Who do you suppose sent it?" I asked, trying to sound casual.

"It's Jennie's writing," Gloria said. "Grandpa's coming by to take me to town for a soda. I'll hurry and get the letters written."

"Must you do it so quickly?" I asked. "Can't you give it a little more thought?"

She was starting to copy the message. "I've only got 24 hours. Please go away, Mommie. I know you think it's wrong. So do I. When I say my prayers tonight I'll ask to be forgiven. But I'm scared of bad luck. Ever since Daddy was so sick. I've just got to do this."

I went into the kitchen. My hands were trembling as I started clearing up the lunch dishes. I'm scared, too, I thought. Because if she doesn't tear up that letter, her superstition is stronger than her faith. And we can't live that way; not since we know he can get sick *again*. We need faith, not superstition. I went back to her.

"Look, if you're going downtown you'll pass by Jennie's house. Take the letter back to her, and explain how you feel. Ask her to send it to someone else who won't take it so seriously."

She looked at me. "I can't do that. Maybe Jennie feels it's a good thing to send a prayer around the world like this. Giving her the letter back would be like telling her she doesn't believe in the right things—and she'd be breaking the chain, too. Maybe she's scared of bad luck. Her 24 hours are up now."

Outside, a car drove up. Grandpa honked the horn.

"You're right," I said. "You can't give the letter back. But I don't feel you should send it to your friends. Somebody has to have the courage to break this chain."

"Then somebody else can do it." Her voice was tight. "Somebody who doesn't need luck as much as we do. If anything should happen, I'd feel it was my fault. I don't see how you can ask me to take the chance."

"I'm not asking it," I told her. "If you believe your father's health and our happiness depend on sending that letter, then you must do it."

In the driveway, the horn sounded again. Her face was drawn with uncertainty. "Well, I won't mail them now. I haven't finished copying them, anyway." She got up and walked past me, stiffly, not looking at me. I asked myself how I could make her see.

The only way was to tell her how painful it had been for me. I finally told her about it that evening when we were alone together in the den. She had gone back to copying the letters.

"Oh, Mommie," she burst out. "Why are you taking this so hard? Haven't you ever felt superstitious?"

"Yes," I replied. "And I want to tell you about it. Last spring, when Daddy had his operation, you knew it was serious—but you didn't know the doctor had told me Daddy might not come home.

"I lived alone with this fear all during the four weeks we prepared for the operation. My greatest comfort was prayer and the firm belief that there was a power guiding us through. And then, the day before the operation, the little watch Daddy gave me when we were married stopped. It seemed like an omen because he had engraved on the back, 'Nothing so swift as time with you.'

"I took it to the jeweler. He said, 'You know, these little watches don't

"It's believing in a greater power that's important. As long as we keep that faith we're perfectly safe. See what I mean?"

ast forever. Time seems to have run ut on this one.' If he only hadn't put t that way I might have been sen- ible. 'You must fix it,' I insisted. 'By omorrow!' He shook his head. 'I'd ave to send to the factory for parts. Even then, I don't think it would un.' So I picked up my watch and I new what was going to happen. This is all I've got left,' I thought umbly. '"Nothing so swift as time with you."'"

"Oh, Mommie," Gloria breathed, 'that's terrible."

"Of course, it is. Not because the watch stopped, but because at that moment I let superstition take the place of faith. From then on my prayers were of absolutely no help."

"Did Daddy know?"

"That's the worst part. I didn't tell your father I'd lost all hope. But he seemed to know. In a crisis, the strength and courage of the person nearest can often help tip the scales. And it isn't what you say, but what you feel, that gets across."

"But Daddy didn't die."

"I know. Perhaps because I found something stronger than superstition again before it was too late.

"The next day when I took him to the hospital, you were in school and there was nobody to take care of your little brother. So we took Buddie along. He walked beside us

MAN and the ATOM

By ROY L. SMITH

I DON'T SEE how anyone can believe that God takes an interest in individual man," exclaimed a freshman astronomy student. He had read of a galaxy so far away that it takes light 400 million light-years to reach our earth.

"How can God, great enough to run such a universe, bother about anyone as small as I am?" the student asked. This question has been asked many times before. We are dwarfed by the immensity of the heavens.

But how could the creator of such galaxies upon galaxies afford to neglect little things? Perfection does not neglect, cannot forget, never casts aside. Even a sparrow doesn't fall unnoticed.

What is tinier than an atom? And is not the universe constructed of atoms? In their study of the mysteries of the atom, scientists have discovered many things which prove that even atoms are not too small for divine attention.

Researchers tell us that if 100 million atoms were placed in single file, the entire line would measure only an inch. Yet inside each atom are such carefully organized particles as neutrons, electrons, nuclei, protons, and neutrinos.

Even more fantastic, most of the atom consists of empty space. If a single atom could be magnified to the size of the Empire State Building, we would find at its center a nucleus about the size of a pea, and revolving about it a series of electrons about the same size, but only 1/2,000th of the weight.

One scientist has said that if all the atoms in the strand of a spider's web were held together by a force equal to that which holds the nucleus of an atom together, that tiny silken thread would be strong enough to upend a battleship!

The electronic scientists have constructed an electronic microscope which enables man to see a single virus 1/500,000th of an inch in diameter—that virus being composed of atoms.

If a man can see something as small as a virus, it should not seem incredible that God can see man!

The universes under our feet are in every way as intricate and amazing as the universes over our heads. If a scientist can know something of the life habits of the nucleus of a hydrogen atom, that nucleus being only 1/100 *trillionth* of an inch in diameter, does it seem impossible that the God who made the scientist takes an interest in him and his work?

If the astronomical distances of the skies over our heads dwarf us, then the infinitesimal distances in the universes under our feet ought to exalt us. The true student will see as much evidence of faith as of doubt.

Jesus' comment that the hairs of our heads are numbered does not seem so strange when we get the sub-microscopic view of life.

to the elevator and then I told him he must go out on the lawn and play until I came down again. He looked up. 'Good-by, Daddy,' he said brightly. Daddy leaned down and hugged him. 'Good-by, Buddie.' Buddie turned and was running through the hall—out the glass doors to the green lawn beyond. Then, as Daddy straightened up and watched Buddie go—knowing it might be for the last time—I saw his face. It held a world of sorrow; my lack of faith had communicated itself to him.

"That's when I knew Daddy's life could never depend on anything so trivial as the ticking of a watch! I felt fresh new faith filling me with new hope."

"I put my arm through Daddy's as we walked into the elevator together. I believe Daddy felt my new faith and strength. I could see new hope and courage—and determination—in his eyes.

"It's believing in a greater power that's important. As long as we keep that faith we're perfectly safe. See what I mean?"

Gloria was slow to reply. At last she looked at me. "I don't know," she said slowly. "Because what makes me feel safe is sending these letters. And I just can't help feeling superstitious about so many little things."

"That's all right," I assured her. "But you see, this is a big thing, which is quite different."

I left her then because I couldn't decide for her and her decision meant so much. I kept wondering if I was asking too much of 14.

Evidently I was. Next morning when I got up I saw the finished letters on her desk. I told myself that I'd been feeling this too intensely. When I heard her come in the kitchen I looked away sadly.

"Mommie," she announced, "they're written. But I've decided not to mail them. Will you burn them after I go to school?"

I busied myself at the sink to keep my voice steady. "Thank you. This means a great deal to me. But I hope that isn't why you did it."

I turned to face her. "No, that isn't why," she said firmly. "I guess I'll always be superstitious about the little things. But prayer is stronger for the big things. And you can burn the letters—because I'm not afraid any more to prove what I believe."

Madonna Festival

Religion in Art Festival time—and Wilshire Methodist Church becomes a world of soft music, candlelight, and flowers, arranged to complement paintings and sculpture.

PROBABLY NOWHERE in the world are mothers given a more moving tribute than in Wilshire Methodist Church, Los Angeles, where every Sunday resembles Mother's Day.

Here, in the narthex, are works of art commemorating motherhood —all selected and purchased from the hundreds exhibited at this church's unique Madonna Festival. Started in 1946, it will again be staged in 1959 to coincide with the observance of Mother's Day. The permanent exhibit now includes paintings, sculptured marble, stone, and bronze; wood carvings and ceramics. Top-ranking artists of many nations are represented.

Awards are made at each festival by a jury in classifications of painting, sculpture, and crafts. A special certificate is presented for works acclaimed by popular vote.

At a time when delinquency and the breakdown of traditional home ties are national concerns, the Wilshire exhibit is a testimony to the dignity and sacredness of motherhood. The idea came from Glen E. Turner, until recently the church's director of education and creative activities. Pastors who have helped expand the festival include Dr. Willisie Martin, Dr. Theodore Palmquist, Dr. Calvin E. Holman, and present ministers Dr. Winston Trever and the Rev. Fred Heather.

As Glen Turner puts it: "Here is an opportunity for artists of all races and creeds to work together toward the artistic expression of this great theme."

And now, on these pages, TOGETHER is proud to present a sampling from the Madonna Festivals.

Love and adoration, *universal characteristics of motherhood, were captured in terra cotta by the late Edgardo Simone, one of the world's best-known sculptors. Simone, an Italian-born American, has sculptured many well-known personalities.*

This Medallion, *created by Eugene Clay, hangs over the street entrance to the church.*

Typical family group, "Mrs. McClay and Children," the work of Lowell Grant, Los Angeles, won the Popular Award for Sculpture in 1956.

***An unknown sculptor** entered this terra cotta after reading about the festival. Unfired because of lack of time, it soon fell apart.*

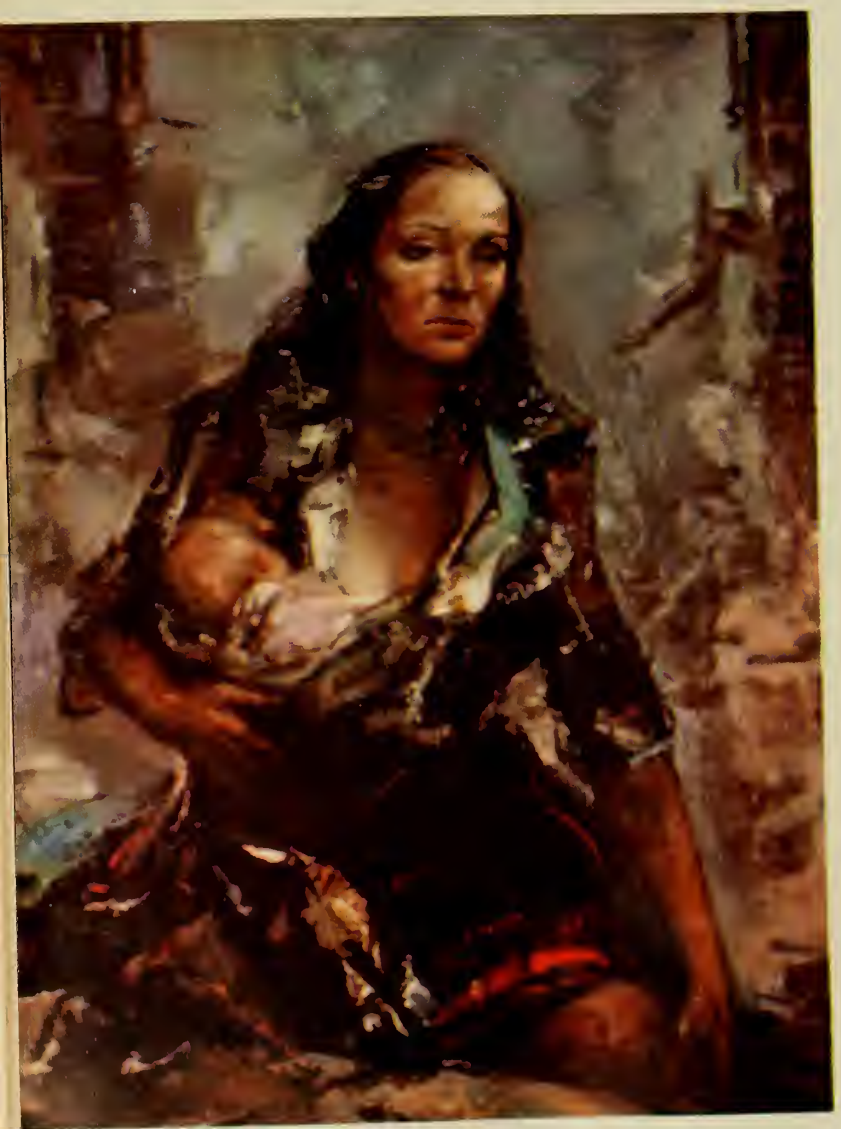
***African Madonna** in cast stone won a place in a permanent collection at Santa Clara University. It is by Mrs. Jane Coffin of Santa Cruz, Calif., a four-time festival award winner.*

Inspiration *for this Madonna of turquoise and terra cotta was derived from working among California's great redwood trees, according to the artist, Adelle C. Wayland of San Francisco, whose art has been displayed in scores of exhibitions.*

Madonna in polychrome, *done by Jane Poyer of South Laguna, Calif., was later sold to collector.*

Symbol *of motherhood is this creation in terra cotta. It's work of Robert Ortlieb, Inglewood, Calif.*

Warmth and tenderness of a mother's protective love are depicted in this popular favorite, an oil painting of Madonna and Child by Mona Froyland, Hayward, Calif.



20th Century Madonna, by Paul Puzinas, a displaced Czechoslovakian, has a story of personal tragedy behind it. Puzinas, now back in his homeland, lost his family in the war.

***Moonlight mood** is created by artist Sam Harris, Air Force vet of Monterey.*

Navajo mother and child reflect the American influence on Peter Blos, German-born artist of Berkeley, Calif. Blos has specialized in portraiture of both the Navajo and Hopi Indians.

Motherhood overseas is the theme of this painting of an Asiatic mother who guides her child's footsteps. The artist is Merran Schlaich, San Francisco.

Bathing Baby, *an oil painting by Elanor Colburn, is one of the most popular exhibited at the festival. It reflects Miss Colburn's increasing devotion to the tender theme of mother and child, and now hangs in San Diego's Fine Arts Gallery.*

Innocence *of babyhood and purity of mother love are caught in Hugo Ballin's painting, one of the many this talented California portrayer of religious themes has exhibited at Wilshire Methodist Church.*

Family Group is R. Brownell McGrew's title for this interpretation of every young girl's instinctive desire to imitate Mother. The artist has won numerous awards and for several years specialized in portraits and religious subjects. More recently, however, he has been giving time to painting the desert which surrounds his home in Palm Springs, Calif.

Anna Jarvis . . . the dream began in a Methodist church.

She Started Mother's Day

By BARBARA TRUE

THE IDEA for Mother's Day was born in a Methodist Sunday school in Grafton, W.Va., at a time when the nation was still mourning the dead from the bloodiest carnage in its history—the Civil War.

It was a sunny day in 1876 and Mrs. Anna Reeves Jarvis, mother of 11 children, was teaching a Memorial Day lesson at Andrews Methodist Episcopal Church. Grafton had been bitterly divided by the war and Mrs. Jarvis spoke tenderly of the heroes who had given their lives in the struggle. Finally, she told her class sadly, "You notice that I did not discuss a Memorial Day for the mothers who gave their sons. There is no such day." And she concluded with a prayer "that somewhere, sometime, someone will found a Mother's Day memorial recognizing the mothers of America and the world."

The prayer made a lasting impression on Anna, Mrs. Jarvis' 12-year-old daughter. She never forgot it—and when her mother died in 1905, she vowed that she would be the "someone" to found Mother's Day.

Mrs. Jarvis was the only inspiration her daughter needed in her crusade. A born leader, the cultured Virginian mother had been a strong force in holding her war-split community together. With families divided in the near-border town, Mrs. Jarvis had led other mothers in an effort to keep community and church from splitting apart. Asked by a Southern minister to help organize a second church, she had replied that the Andrews Church would not be split over Civil War issues if she could prevent it. And that church, one of the largest in that section, remained united.

Mrs. Jarvis served the church for more than 25 years as the Sunday school's junior superintendent. Later the Jarvis Memorial Sunday-school class was organized in her honor. When she died at the age of 72, the bell of the Andrews Methodist Episcopal Church was tolled 72 times. It was on that day that her daughter determined, with God's help, to establish the Mother's Day Mrs. Jarvis had prayed for many years before.

BY THIS TIME a schoolteacher, Anna started work immediately on her project. She wrote letters and talked to influential people, suggesting that Grafton hold a Memorial Mother's Day meeting in May, 1907, honoring her own mother and the mothers who had worked with her. At her request, the minister of Andrews Methodist Church prepared a service for mothers—and the first Mother's Day was held on May 12, 1907, the second Sunday in the month. It was accepted with enthusiasm by the congregation and attracted favorable newspaper comment.

The following year Miss Jarvis again suggested a Mother's Day service. This second observance was held in both the Andrews Church in Grafton (later known widely as the Mother's Day Church) and in Philadelphia—the first two cities to accept the Mother's Day plan. The plaque which now hangs in the Andrews Methodist Church, honoring mothers and Mother's Day, was placed there by Norman F. Kendall, Sunday-school superintendent.

To explain and promote Mother's Day, Miss Jarvis chose the motto, "To honor the best mother who ever lived—your mother." Next she selected a flower—the carnation—as the emblem. For this second celebration she ordered 1,000 carnations from Philadelphia for the mothers of Grafton. Some 10,000 of these blooms were ultimately to become her gift to the mothers of the community through the years. And the carnation which until that time had enjoyed little popularity, came to be revered as the symbol of mothers.

By 1909 Mother's Day was being celebrated in 45 states and in Puerto Rico, Hawaii, Canada, and Mexico. Miss Jarvis, astonished at its rapid spread, joyfully told a friend: "Where it will end must be left for the future to tell. That it will girdle the globe now seems certain." She was further delighted to learn in a message from Mexico to *The Detroit Star,* "If Miss Jarvis could come to Mexico and see how, in the finest homes and the lowliest abodes of the rural regions . . . the institution she founded is now observed, she would . . . feel her work has not been in vain."

The Philadelphia Inquirer, commenting in 1909 on the event's phenomenal success, predicted that Mother's Day would become universal. A later newspaper observed

Dr. Michalson Answers Questions About

Your Faith

Baptism takes babies into a church; what does conversion do?

Infant Baptism is the church's way of extending its full ministry to a child from the beginning of his life. Conversion is that point at which he becomes personally responsive to the redemptive ministry.

Why do Methodists baptize babies?

Baptism is admirably suited to babies, Methodism believes, along with many other Christian denominations. Baptism is the congregation's way of saying the baby is a member of the household of faith. It is a sign of membership in the kingdom of God.

Confusion arises when we begin asking what good it does the baby. "Surely God would not condemn an unbaptized infant!" people object when Baptism is discussed. No, not even Roman Catholics believe that. The Bible, and Jesus, always included children in the covenant between God and man. The church today can do no less.

Is the Church really one?

The existence of denominations in Christendom is not necessarily a sign of disunity. The body of Christ can have a variety of ways of expressing itself. Divergent and competing groups within Christianity are the real source of disunity. How can Christians effectively witness to one Lord and one faith when they are not one body? Yet even beyond our diversities there is the truth that we all have the same Lord. It is the responsibility of all churches to "grow up in every way into him who is the head, into Christ" (Ephesians 4:15). Unity in Christ will become visible as the churches assume this responsibility.

Do we 'build' the kingdom of God?

Thirty-five years ago no one would have asked this question. It seemed obvious that we do build the Kingdom. "God has no hands but our hands."

Then suddenly it became obvious that the world was not getting better. At the same time, Biblical scholars explained the seed in the parables—showing that it is not gradual growth, as had been assumed, but miraculous growth which Jesus suggested. The mission of Jesus reveals that the kingdom of God is the rule that *God* will establish in our midst through Christ.

Then why try to improve the world? We improve the world, not to make a kingdom of God of it but to express our obedience to God. The kingdom of God means the rule of God in life through Christ. That rule should improve the world, but the improvement of the world will not produce the rule. It is important that we know this distinction, so that we do not seek the Kingdom in the wrong place.

that "everywhere the missionary has gone the sentiment of Mother's Day has been carried." At that time the day was being observed in Japan, Palestine, Scotland, Egypt, Australia, the West Indies, and several South American countries.

Mother's Day won its spurs as a special church day in 1912 at the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Minneapolis. The swift-paced movement for mothers was climaxed on May 8, 1914, when President Wilson designated the second Sunday in May as the annual Mother's Day "for displaying the American flag and for the public expression of love and reverence for the mothers of the country."

Congress also took official notice of the event. A joint resolution introduced by Sen. Morris Sheppard (D.-Tex.) and Rep. James Heflin (D.-Ala.) read, "The service rendered the United States by American mothers is the greatest source of the country's strength and inspiration."

In all, Anna devoted much of her time for 30 years to directing and furthering the Mother's Day observance. In 1913 Andrews Methodist Church accredited her as a delegate to the World's Seventh Sunday School Convention at Zurich, where, as a result of her work in launching Mother's Day, she occupied a prominent place on the program.

Even distant Japan honored her, describing Mother's Day as "a great American gift to Japan." And Mark Twain, in a letter to her in 1908, wrote for all Americans: "During my remaining years I shall wear the Mother's Day emblem of purity and love—the white carnation."

Today, 51 years after Miss Jarvis founded it, Mother's Day follows closely the pattern which she set. Mother receives flowers and gifts, is visited, telephoned, and generally remembered by her children. On the commercial side, the National Committee on the Observance of Mother's Day estimates that gift sales for Mother's Day, exceed $750 million. And the once-unfamiliar carnation runs up a bill of $75 million.

But, as Anna Jarvis would be the first to admit, those are not the important facts. What matters most is that, thanks to a daughter's devotion, the mothers of the free world now have a day set aside to honor them.

Tough questions but never too tough for "Dick" ***Richmond Barbour****, who understands and sympathizes with the problems of youth.*

Teens Together

With an ex-teen-ager

Q *I'm the mother of three teen-age boys. Our chief problem is punishment. Their father still threatens to strap them when they are bad. He hasn't actually done it, but he might. Is it ever proper to strap a teen-ager? —L.F.*

A No, though some fathers try it. Such punishment creates more antagonism, hatred, rebellion. Try to persuade your husband to stop threatening the boys. Ask him to talk with a high-school counselor about punishment for teen-agers.

Q *I am a boy of 15. My teachers tell me that my mind is in the genius category. I live up to their expectations, getting straight A grades. My trouble is that my classmates do not like me. I asked nine girls to go to a prom and they all said, "No." Later I heard two of them discussing me. What they said hurt me deeply. What can I do?—S.S.*

A Several things. Watch your vocabulary. Use the same words and phrases your classmates use. Wear clothes your classmates approve of and look for student-body activity you'll enjoy. Could you be a writer on the school paper or a student-body officer, a member of an athletic team, or a team manager? Keep on getting A grades, but don't boast about it.

Q *I'm a boy of 13. I like a girl a lot. She saw in the paper that some boy who has the same name I have won a tennis tournament. She thought I was the guy. I didn't tell her I wasn't. Now I feel awful. Should I have told her that I never played tennis in my life?—D.C.*

A You should have told her the truth. Explain things next time you are together. She won't mind too much.

Q *I'm a girl of 17. My trouble is my grandfather. He lives with us, is fat, and doesn't shave often. He wears an old sweatshirt, even when my boy friend comes to see me. Is there any way to get him to shave and dress like a gentleman? I've asked him many times—and he just snorts.—E.F.*

A Can't your parents help you? Remember that your friends probably are less critical of your grandfather than you are. That generally is the case when we're embarrassed about our families. Also, our real friends accept us as we are—grandfather and all.

Q *My mother died when I was three. My father, brother, and I live with his parents. They have been very good to us. I want to go with a fine boy who is 18. I am 17. My grandparents say I am too young to have dates. We argue a lot. Usually they end by saying if my mother were here she would agree with them. Then I break down, cry, and run to my room. What shall I do?—A.A.*

A Ask your father to talk with your friends' parents. He'll find other good girls of your age have dates with nice boys. Then ask him to check on your boy friend's reputation. Let's assume he is a good boy. After that, he should be willing to help you convince your grandparents you aren't too young for dates. Perhaps 17 was too young when they were in their teens. It isn't now.

Q *I'm 32 pounds overweight. Are the reducing pills which are advertised harmful?—H.C.*

A Laws prevent the sale of the more dangerous reducing drugs. However, to be safe, see your doctor.

Q *I'm worried because my folks won't go to church regularly. When I nag them they get mad. What can I do?—C.C.*

A Try to influence them indirectly, rather than nagging. Talk with your pastor about it. One suggestion is to see if there are jobs at church which would interest them. If they can feel they are both needed and respected at church they should attend more regularly.

Q *I am 15 and go with older kids. My boy friend is 22. One day I stayed home from school while my parents were away. He came over. We took my dad's car, drove too fast, and*

Looks at movies

By Harry C. Spencer
General Secretary, Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission

● *Films are rated for audience suitability. Also, the symbols (+) and (—) provide "yes" or "no" answers to the question: Do the ethical standards in the film in general provide constructive entertainment?*

Bridge on the River Kwai: Adults (+) Youth (+)

An expensive picture with a popular cast, a fascinating plot, and a huge box-office potential. William Holden, an American prisoner of war in a Japanese camp during World War II, has become so used to the animal-like existence that he laughs when Alec Guinness, a British officer who has just been captured, demands to be treated with respect. The result is a fascinating psychological duel between Alec and the Japanese commander. The conclusion, however, seemed contrary to Guinness' character.

Enemy Below: Family (+)

A newcomer to U.S. screens, Curt Jurgens, is magnificent as the captain of a German U-boat stalking an American destroyer in World War II. Robert Mitchum, commander of the U.S. ship, is equally skillful in his countermeasures to gain the offensive. The thrilling contest between two unusually resourceful men makes the audience want both to win.

Quiet American: Adult (+)

Audie Murphy is found murdered in French Indo-China. In flashback, the police try to discover who might have had sufficient motive for the deed. The dialogue is particularly adult and exceptionally brilliant.

A Farewell to Arms: Adults (+)

Although at times painfully realistic (in the childbirth scene), and frequently unusually frank (in the intimate relations between Rock Hudson and Jennifer Jones), and again almost subversive (in praise of military desertion), the net effect of this film is constructive. Certainly it provides a beautiful panorama of Italian scenery and a realistic argument against war.

All at Sea: Family (+)

Alec Guinness, the last in a long line of naval heroes, unfortunately is afflicted with seasickness. He finds his perfect command, therefore, in a deserted amusement pier. This he refurbishes and makes a profitable operation, in spite of determined opposition from greedy local politicians. Surrounded by all the appointments of a luxury liner, Alec holds sway with typical charm and perfect poise through the teapot tempests which assail him.

Bonjour Tristesse: Adults (—)

Based on the Françoise Sagan novel, this elaborately produced film is supposed to show how futile life becomes when it is based on selfish wantonness. But the bittersweet regret for past pleasures—before retribution raises its head—denies the basic Christian virtues of chastity and sobriety. David Niven is the widowed father of Jean Seberg. When he turns from his current mistress to Deborah Kerr, who demands marriage as her price, Jean fears the restraint of a stepmother and as a result arranges reinstatement of the former mistress.

Paths of Glory: Adult (+)

In the list of war pictures, this film should rank as one of the most thought-provoking. Here is not mere battlefield realism, but a psychological account of what war and military ambition do to the inner man. To gain personal preferment, Adolph Menjou, an officer in the French Army, orders a suicidal attack on an impregnable German position. When the assault fails, as it inevitably must, Adolph puts through a court-martial trial for cowardice and has three men, selected at random, stand trial as examples. Kirk Douglas endeavors to defend them by unmasking the ugly motives of the commanding officers. A devastating film.

Witness for the Prosecution: Adults (+) Youth (+)

Superb performances by Charles Laughton, Tyrone Power, and Marlene Dietrich, under the excellent direction of Billy Wilder, make this Agatha Christie mystery one of the best nerve tinglers in years. Tyrone is brought to trial for the murder of a wealthy widow. Charles Laughton, recently retired because of ill health, comes back to the criminal court to defend him. What follows is fascinating.

tore it up. Now my folks won't let me have any dates. They put me on restriction. Do I have to obey them?—A.D.

A Yes, you must obey. You have been making serious mistakes. When your parents say you can go out again, go with boys nearer your own age. It is wrong for a girl of 15 to go with a boy of 22.

Q *Our mother died four years ago. Our father has kept our family together. We are three teen-age daughters and we do the housework. Recently he has been going out with a widow. We have nothing against her, only we don't want our father to marry her. We loved our mother too much to see anybody take her place. If we speak up to him about it he'll be hurt. What do you suggest?—L., V., & M. C.*

A Try to understand your father's feelings. He has been lonely. He needs companionship and love besides yours. If he should marry again, his new wife will not be taking your mother's place. No one can do that. You should protest only if he begins to get serious with a woman you strongly distrust. Otherwise, be toler ant. Ask your minister; he'll help you understand.

Q *I'm worried about my sister. I'm 16 and she is 17. Our folks are strict. We cannot have a date without taking a chaperone along. My sister i pretty. Recently she has taken up with a gang that has afternoon drinking parties. Twice she has come home to dinner staggering. I put her to bed and told our mom she was sick. What shal I do?—H.C.*

A Have you talked with your sister? If possible, get her to pick better companions. Tell your mother what is happening and have her talk with your minister. Have her ask for his help in finding a good case-work counseling agency. Your mother should go there for counseling regularly and as soon as possible your sister should too.

●

TEENS: Dr. Barbour may have the answer to your problem. He is head of public-school counseling in San Diego, Calif., and helps many young people solve their problems. Write him in care of TOGETHER, *740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.*—EDS.

The Rocks SING Out

By MILTON H. KEENE

DEEP IN THE Luray Caverns of Virginia, thousands of Americans for whom the experience of worship may be rare and infrequent, have been finding themselves involved in an experience which can be adequately defined only in religious terms.

We had been through the caverns the year before, but since we were vacationing with another family who had not gone through, we found ourselves again descending into the cool depths of the limestone caverns. I admit I was a bit reluctant to make this second trip so soon after the first visit.

Things went just as I anticipated until we reached "the ballroom," a vast, open area filled with stalactites and stalagmites. The guide addressed us with a quaver in his voice.

"Friends," he said, his eyes glowing with anticipation, "you are among the first to experience what is about to occur here in the cave.

"Just a year ago," he said, "a man named Leland Sprinkle was going through, just like yourselves, and something happened. . . ."

Surely he wouldn't tell us of an accident here beneath the earth, I thought. It would frighten the children. What was he getting at?

"Well," he continued, "this Mr. Sprinkle, an electronics specialist at the Pentagon, had his son with him. The youngster bumped his head on one of the big stalactites. It gave out a musical sound. That interested the senior Sprinkle; right then he got an idea."

The idea was to release the tones imprisoned in the stalactites through an electronic device—to create a mighty organ.

With the consent of the cavern management, Sprinkle set to work testing the tone qualities of the ancient rocks. Finally—just the day before our coming—for the first time other ears than Sprinkle's listened to the mighty voices of the limestone rocks.

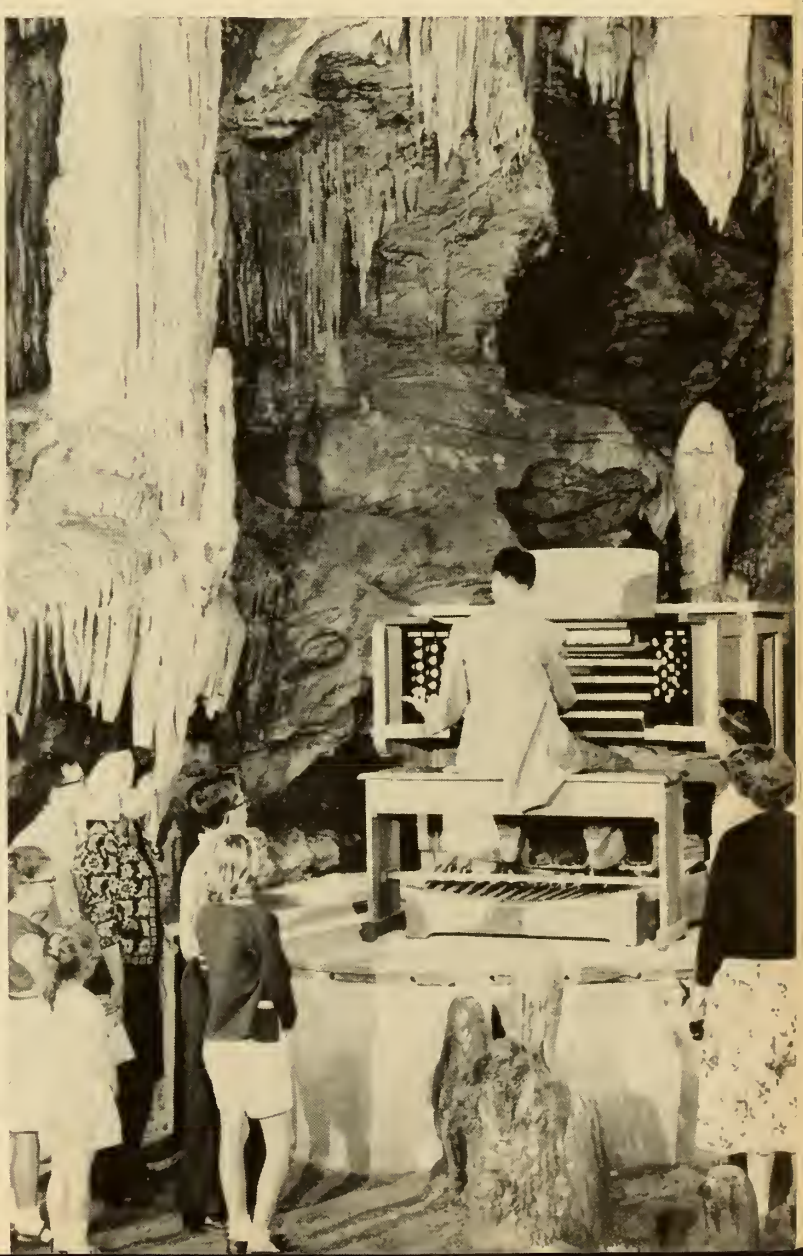
Now they were to speak again. The guide gathered us about a device which looked like a player-piano mechanism. "Here the contacts are made with plungers fastened to the stalactites throughout the cave," he explained. He turned the mechanism on; we gathered around, waiting expectantly.

Then, from far and near, came the tones of a hymn. It was unbelievable; these sounds were emanating from the ancient stalactites all about us.

Luther's great hymn, *A Mighty Fortress,* was never greater than now, as it leaped from rock to rock in the depths of the earth. Tears filled my eyes. I thought of the ancient words of the Psalmist: "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? . . . If I ascend to heaven, thou art there. If I make my bed in Sheol, thou art there! . . ."

Since then, Sprinkle has been perfecting the organ. Now visitors also hear the *Dutch Hymn of Thanksgiving, Silent Night* (for Christmas Eve), and *Christ the Lord Is Risen Today* (for Easter dawn).

It isn't without significance that all of these are hymns. Here in the depths of the rocks, anything else would be out of place. The stalactites seem to have been designed by their Maker for such music as this—to resound to the great affirmations of faith in this *Rock of Ages.*



Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

APRIL 20

He considered abuse suffered for the Christ greater wealth than the treasures of Egypt, for he looked to the reward.—Hebrews 11:26

THERE ARE OLD stories of men who in the night received gifts of gold from fairy hands—and when daylight came found that the "gold and jewels" were merely withered leaves and berries. Many things which the world counts precious are like the fairy's gold. Happy is the man who has fortitude to determine the difference, and the spiritual vision to choose the worth-while.

The choice Moses made is one of the most deliberate acts of renunciation of the worldly, in preference for the spiritual, that the world has ever known. Adopted of royalty, he lived in a palace, was instructed in Egyptian wisdom. Luxury loaded her board at his bidding, pleasure awaited his presence, and within his grasp was the scepter of the most ancient and mighty monarchy on the globe. It was no light thing to renounce a heritage like this; there must have been motives of irresistible power.

This choice was not the romantic eccentricity of youth nor was it an act of enfeebled age in which time had dulled the brain. Moses' choice should be our choice if our hearts are rightly attuned to God and we have a right conception of values in this world.

Prayer: Make us aware, our Father, that as we keep close to our Lord pleasures that perish will woo us in vain; possessions from which we must part will lose their worth; perils that touch the body will cease to terrify, and, through faith, "We shall be conquerors through him that loved us." In Christ's name we pray. Amen.

—EDWARD J. PENDERGRASS

APRIL 27

Yet he saved them for his name's sake, that he might make known his mighty power.—Psalm 106:8

OUT OF THE FLAT, surrounding plain rises a perpendicular mass of rock thrust up by some tremendous force. From a distance it resembles a ship under full sail and it is called "shiprock." Nearby in the northwest corner of New Mexico is a small town bearing the same name. Here are offices of the Indian Service, government schools for Indian children, and uranium, oil, and gas industries.

For many years this Indian country was a forgotten land inhabited by forgotten people. "Yet he saved them for his name's sake, that he might make known his mighty power."

When the Israelites, terrified by Pharaoh's army approaching from the rear, faced the Red Sea, God "saved them for his name's sake." So it is with the Navajo. Out of the desert wastes come valuable minerals, out of the hogans come boys and girls to attend schools, and born in the minds of a once-forgotten people is a new dream of personal and tribal worth. They were not forgotten by God.

The church is there. Other denominations have worked among them for years. The Navajo Methodist Mission at Farmington, N.M., has given education and Christian training to hundreds of children since its founding in 1890. Now there is a Methodist church at Shiprock, where Indians and other Americans work and worship together. God will save us from our sins "for his name's sakes," awaken us to a new consciousness of Christian mission and use us to "make known his mighty power" to transform man and the world.

So the rock that looks like a ship may be the symbol of a new era—a ship that bears a people and a nation on a new voyage into a new life.

Prayer: Father, we give thanks for thy power in our lives, forgiving our sins, making us strong, leading us in thy ways to true life and greater service. Amen.

—R. L. WILLINGHAM

MAY 4

Now therefore, if you will obey my voice and keep my covenant, you shall be my own possession among all peoples; for all the earth is mine.—Exodus 19:5

Edward J. Pendergrass
Orlando, Fla.

R. L. Willingham
Albuquerque, N.M.

George W. Chant
Minneapolis, Minn.

Marcum B. May
Louisville, Ky.

SOME WEEKS AGO I took my driver's test. I could have the freedom to drive my car—if I could show my ability and obey the laws of the road.

Freedom is found only in obedience. Lack of obedience leads to chaos and savagery. When people break away from oppression and dictatorship, one of the first things they must do is set up laws to govern their own behavior. This is true in every walk of life, whether it be a nation, a community, or a home. No one can be free to do as he pleases because he is living in relationships. The freedom of those living about him must be respected, too.

Since the beginning of Christianity and even before, man has enjoyed the plans of God only if he first obeyed. In the Old Testament a great deal of this obedience was regulated under the laws of the Jews. Men were asked to meet the demands of obedience, sometimes without any reason given or explanation made. Jesus not only gave reasons but promises to those who would follow his teachings and his way of life.

If I follow my God in obedience to his plan for my life and strive to keep his covenant, then—and then only—can I receive the blessings of his promises. All about me I see the dependable laws of nature at work and I know that all the earth is his, so I do willingly and joyfully follow him.

Prayer: Teach me, O God, to be willing and eager to obey your voice, for it is in this way that I find freedom for my soul and consecration in my living. Amen.

—GEORGE W. CHANT

MAY 11

Ascribe to the Lord the glory due his name; bring an offering, and come into his courts!—Psalm 96:8

HERCULES had many seemingly impossible tasks to perform. One of the most difficult was his battle with Antaeus, the giant son of Earth. Time and again the mighty Hercules threw Antaeus to the ground, but each time the giant sprang to his feet stronger than before, renewed by contact with his mother, Earth. Finally, by lifting the giant from the ground and crushing him in mid-air, Hercules destroyed his opponent.

How much of our strength is drawn from our mothers! How greatly we depend for our very existence upon Mother Earth! As we treasure and preserve the rich heritage of both these mothers, we grow in strength to fight the battles of life.

This day, peculiarly enough, is both Mother's Day and Rural Life Sunday—the day we thank God, who has set "the solitary in families" and who has given man the bounty of the earth and "put all things under his feet." It is a good day in which to give glory to the Lord—the glory due to one who is all powerful, all wise, all loving. It is a day in which we do well to crowd his courts, "to enter . . . with thanksgiving and . . . with praise."

We honor our mothers most as we worship our mothers' God; we are most thankful for the richness of the bounty of nature when we seek to preserve and enrich the soil, passing it on to our children, not poorer but richer than before. Thus we co-operate with our God, who has called us to be laborers in his vineyard.

Prayer: We give unto thee, O Lord, the glory due unto thy name. We offer unto thee "our souls and bodies to be a living sacrifice." May they be holy and acceptable to Thee. Amen.

—MARCUM B. MAY

Lines for a Hymnbook

In this book are stored the
thoughts
Saints have gleaned by prayer,
Comfort for our broken hearts,
Light for our despair,
Nuggets mined by men of God,
Showing how to live,
Little phrases bearing hope
Nothing else can give.
Praise the Lord for songs of love
We can all employ,
Making death a homeward walk,
Crowning life with joy.

—ANN BARCUS MINGA

Cardinal Wolsey:
His life is portrayed in its full scope by Charles Ferguson in his new work, Naked to Mine Enemies.

Barnabas takes

Looks at New Books

IT'S CURIOUS that Cardinal Wolsey is best remembered for words Shakepeare had him say in his earthly exit in *King Henry VIII:*

"Had I but served my God with but half the zeal I served my king, He would not in mine age have left me naked to mine enemies."

Substitute "myself" for "my king" and you have a truer picture of the man—at least, that's how I feel after reading **Charles W. Ferguson's** biography, *Naked to Mine Enemies* (Little, Brown, $6). For it seems clear that Wolsey used king, church, and all else to burnish his own ego. It was typical that he should delude himself to the end with the self-protective deathbed rationalization quoted above.

In his youth, Wolsey, son of a butcher, had a "noncanonical" marriage and fathered two children. Brilliant and ambitious, he rose rapidly, relentlessly, till he was second in England only to the king and was the foremost representative there of the Roman Catholic Church. When social and religious forces moved England away from Rome (Henry VIII's marital affairs still cloud the issue for many historians), Wolsey rode the crest—until he lost royal favor. Only then did penitence strike him.

Ferguson, who is a senior editor of *Reader's Digest,* devoted prodigious research to this lively book. Its prose frequently shimmers like poetry. No biography I've read in a twelvemonth has been more rewarding.

Not since T. E. Lawrence has a European lived as intimately with the Arabs as **Sir John Bagot Glubb.** *A Soldier with the Arabs* (Harper, $6) is one exciting result. It begins with this explanation:

"I spent 36 years living among the Arabs. During the first nineteen of these years, I lived almost entirely with them, rarely meeting Europeans and sometimes not speaking a word of English for weeks on end. I originally went to Iraq in 1920 as a regular officer of the British Army, but when I had spent five years among the Arabs, I decided to change the basis of my whole career. I made up my mind to resign my commission with the British Army and devote my life to the Arabs. My decision was largely emotional. I loved them."

He never altered in his devotion toward the Arabs, and this book tells the story of Trans-Jordan's tragic involvement in the war with Israel which followed almost 20 years of unprecedented peace and stability.

It's the first book I've read which tells the Jordanian side of the struggle, from the inside and the top.

Methodists should note with pride that the Thomas Alva Edison Foundation recently named *Armed With Courage* (Abingdon, $2.50), by **May McNeer** and **Lynd Ward,** "the best children's book for character development" for the year 1957.

It contains brief biographies of seven gallant people who strove toward goals that would benefit those around them rather than themselves—Florence Nightingale, Father Damien, George Washington Carver, Jane Addams, Wilfred Grenfell, Mahatma Gandhi, and Albert Schweitzer.

Sawdust Empire (Knopf, $5) is an authoritative but nonetheless genial portrait of the Pacific Northwest's development. **Howard M. Brier** writes understandingly of this area, where settlement came so late and progress moved so fast that one can find "settlers" who came by every mode of transportation from covered wagon trains to airplanes.

Brier reports accurately that this is a and where the tree reigns supreme, but I think he should give almost equal status to the wheat farmer. To a good many of us, the area also is known as the "breadbasket to the world."

Today's residents, conscious of their proximity to the past, have a sense of solation pressed upon them in many ways. Which brings to mind the story of a famous news commentator in the East recently invited to accept a speaking engagement in Seattle. He based his inability to accept on the fact that Seattle was just too far away.

Escape of the Amethyst, by **C. E. Lucas Phillips** (Coward-McCann, $3.95), relates the true story of a British frigate involved in a gripping and prolonged ordeal nine years ago in the Yangtze River. Her mission at the time was to relieve another British ship at Nanking, stationed there, in accordance with international custom, for diplomatic purposes.

As this small, proud vessel moved up river, displaying her colors prominently, she came under murderous fire from Communist forces who held the north bank. Many crewmen were killed; the ship was crippled. But the remaining crew never surrendered despite torture, attempts at brainwashing, inadequate medical care, and short rations.

Every kind of harassment known to the heartless Communist armies was used on the brave crew of the *Amethyst,* even to withholding mail for weeks on end and—when it was finally released—finding that it had been ransacked.

How the men finally worked out a means of communication, a secret code, and eventual freedom is a harrowing, hair-raising tale even a Herman Melville couldn't conjure up.

I've just been reunited with an old friend. Somewhere in the process of moving halfway across the continent a decade ago, my hard-worn copy of *March's Thesaurus-Dictionary* was lost. Since I regard this book as one of the three or four handiest and most valuable references about words in the English language, I was glad to learn that Doubleday had acquired publishing rights.

The new edition, edited by Norman Cousins, is still called *March's Thesaurus-Dictionary* (Doubleday, $9.75). It is brought up-to-the-minute by virtue of an 1,800-word supplement by R. A. Goodwin.

Once again I have a source for the word that *precisely* does the job intended for it, but which does it with flavor and strength.

Any man who has ever heard **Dr. Charles Ray Goff** preach a sermon at Chicago Temple (Methodist) knows he has a way of bringing God down to talk with the people. I've just read his latest book, *Anyone for Calvary* (Revell, $1). It has a great message, simply told.

As a seminarian, Dr. Goff had a student charge on the outskirts of Chicago. The elevated train which he rode had a flag station near the city limits, called Calvary.

The crux of his book-sermon is that he always associated that stop with death—for the conductor would call "Cal-vary . . . next stop . . . Anyone for Cal-vary?" Then one night he saw a young father alight from the train and wave to his waiting family at a lighted apartment window. That brought home to him for the first time that Calvary was not just a place of death.

Calvary *is* more than death, and Dr. Goff's words bear a message of sacrificial *living.*

Come Dance With Me (World, $6), **Ninette deValois'** memoirs, reads like a fairy tale. It tells how a straggling, impoverished group of dancers grew to be one of the world's leading ballet companies. And Dame Ninette was the fairy godmother.

This courageous little dancer, who founded—and now directs—Britain's Royal Ballet (formerly Sadler's Wells), writes with grace and humor of her life, from childhood days in Ireland to the triumphant 25th anniversary of her ballet company in 1956.

If you're a ballet fan you won't want to miss this.

No one succeeds *without* an inferiority complex.

No one succeeds *in spite* of an inferiority complex.

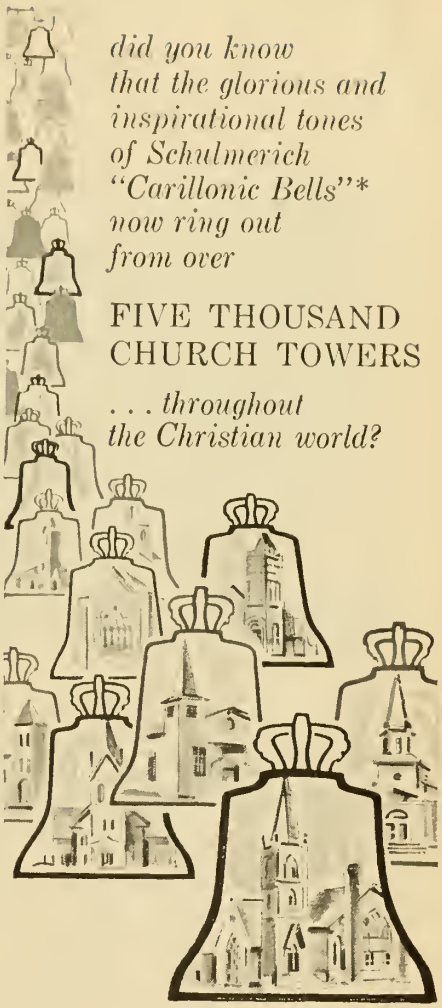
Everyone succeeds *because* of an inferiority complex.

Fortunately, everyone *has* an inferiority complex.

Thus **Marie Beynon Ray** states her belief that feelings of inferiority have sparked the stimulation to achievement in the lives of every successful person, whether of humble birth or "born to the purple." *The Importance of Feeling Inferior* (Harper, $3.95) has a cast of characters reading like a weekly rundown of big names in the news: Norman Vincent Peale, Agnes deMille, Rocky Graciano, John B. Kelly, and Herbert Hoover, Jr. to mention a few.

Most of what's been published in this area in the past has pointed out how to succeed *in spite* of everything. So it's refreshing to view the same scene from a *"because of* everything" angle.

My Village in Ireland, by **Sonia** and **Tim Gidal** (Pantheon, $3.50), is a delightful introduction to the Emerald Isle. Although written for children, it's been enjoyed by all ages in the Barnabas household, and has served to ac-



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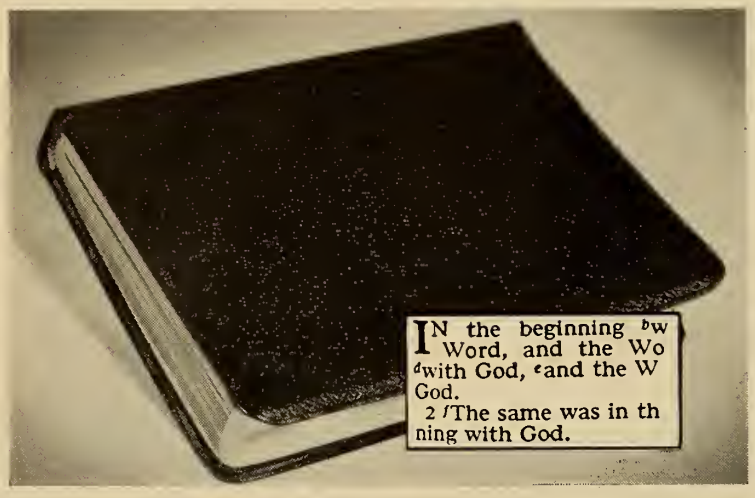

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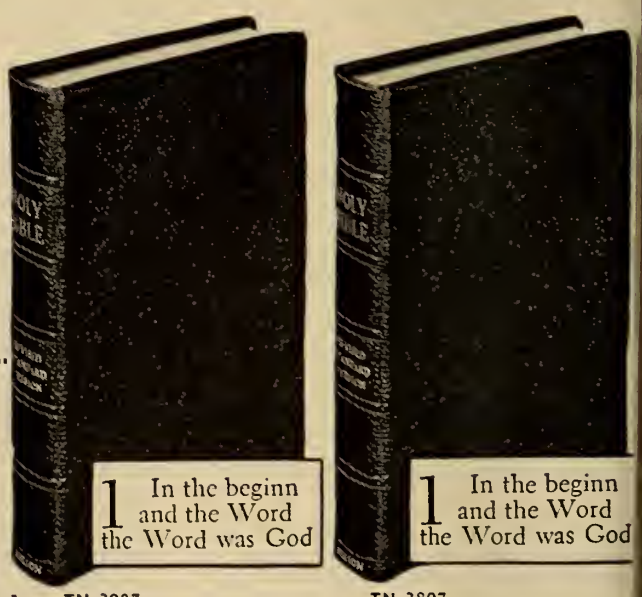

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uaint us with the life, customs, and ommon adventures of Irish youth rough the experiences of one Patrick urtin and his family.

There's a fascinating old ruined stle in the neighborhood, with a keep- who loves to tell stories. And at night ie family gathers in front of the fire- lace to listen to the father tell of days one by. Then all kneel for family rayers, and off to bed.

The book is liberally illustrated with ne pictures, and the children pored ver the map of the neighborhood, hich outlines carefully where all the tion takes place.

As spring arrives and we take to the pen road, the following hymns are ggested for speeding drivers:

At 45 m.p.h.: *Highways are Happy Vays.*

At 55: *I'm But a Stranger Here, for Heaven is my Home.*

At 75: *When the Roll is Called up onder.*

At 85: *Lord, I'm Coming Home.*

Or, as another friend remarked upon aving a highly traveled four-lane high- ay in the East: "That's one way to et to Heaven in a hurry!"

All this is by way of mentioning a ew paperback on the subject of traffic id religion—an interesting, if new ombination: *He Rides Beside You* is n anthology compiled by **Dan Hol- ngsworth** and **Ona Belknap,** and is vailable from Stromberg Allen & Co., 30 S. Clark, Chicago, Ill., for $1. It's n interesting collection of speeches, ticles, prayers, and poems for use in urch meetings dealing with traffic fety.

There are so many fine books being ublished for the small fry I feel the rge to recommend several which Bon- ie and the children have found es- ecially enjoyable:

Mouse, Mouse, Go Out of My House, y **Elizabeth Low** (Little, Brown, 2.75). The story of how a little boy elps clean up the summer cabin and nds it's been lived in all winter.

Manners Can Be Fun, by **Munro Leaf** Lippincott, $2.25). How-to-behave for oys and girls, with humorous draw- gs by the author. *Why the North tar Stands Still,* by **William R. Pal- ner** (Prentice-Hall, $3.50). A collec- on of nature legends. *The Americans,* y **Harold Coy** (Little, Brown, $4.50). tories of the people who built America, ritten for early teens. *Pony for Keeps,* y **William Corbin** (Coward-Mc- Cann, $3.00). A shy girl finds a mother nd daddy with the help of a pony. *Pets From the Pond,* by **Margaret Waring Buck** (Abingdon, $3). How o catch and keep water pets.

National news magazines and most astern daily papers have recently car-

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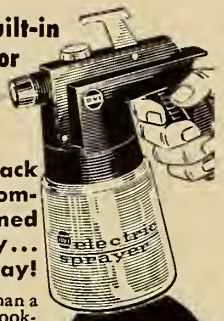

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ried reports on gang problems in New York public schools. While the headlines were hottest I read a factual, fascinating book, *Sins of Their Fathers,* by **Marjorie Rittwagen, M.D.** (Houghton-Mifflin, $3.50).

This young woman saw the challenge and joined the New York children's court staff as a psychiatrist immediately upon finishing her specialization in psychiatry and pediatrics. The book covers her first five years in this work. It's a behind-the-headlines report of what she found in homes where these children live, in their schools, their community centers, their gangs, their churches. It tells what happens to such children after they come to court—when public indignation and interest have died down.

Incidentally, one bright ray of hope Dr. Rittwagen mentions is the Big Brother movement, a project of a few devoted churchmen who are willing to give time and attention and affection—in sacrificial amounts—to some of "her boys."

This book isn't for you if you're convinced that all children can follow the Spock-and-Gesell pattern. It's a shocker, and I stayed up till all hours two nights reading it.

Along with the ever-increasing popularity of jazz has been the emergence of new and serious writing about it.

Jam Session: An Anthology of Jazz by **Ralph Gleason** (Putnam, $4.95), presents the story of jazz in the words of people who performed it and the great critics and writers addicted to its enchantment.

I, Barnabas, recall my amazement when Gleason's comments on jazz first began to appear as a regular feature in a big-city daily. In the parlance of the music world, Gleason must have had a real ball getting this book together. Here is the background and growth of jazz in the words of Leadbelly, the great blues singer of the 30s and 40s and Jelly Roll Morton who, until his death in 1941, believed jazz started in New Orleans. It has yet to be proved otherwise, though some disagree.

The book served to revive many nostalgic memories of my youth. It also will give the new fan a rounded picture of jazz, from the beginning to rock and roll, bop, and modern jazz. It shows, too, how the original music of the American Negro became the music of the nation—indicative to some extent of the growing assimilation of the Negro in our culture.

Margaret Case Harriman is famous for profiles of prominent Americans in the *New Yorker* magazine. She recently devoted her attention and writing talent to the inanimate but throbbing emporium at 34th and Broadway—R. H. Macy & Co.—and has come up with another personality piece.

And the Price Is Right (World, $4) portrays a panorama of methods, goods, and people that blended into one of the greatest retail businesses on earth. Although the author is not an "alumna" of the organization, she has caught its spirit. Her search for chance happenings that developed into sure successes includes everything from Macy's introduction of the tea bag to America up to their present-day use of a crew of Doberman pinschers used for patrol duty at night.

Macy's should love this woman—and probably does—for an excellent portrayal of one phase of Americana. It couldn't happen anywhere but here.

The Omaha Indians, though not well known, have a rich lore. They were crowded by settlers and Sioux into a sliver of land bounded north and east by the Missouri and south by the Platte River.

O'Po of the Omaha, by **Pearl Haley Patrick** (Caxton, $3.50) was written for the 9-13 age group, but it should interest anyone fond of Indian lore. It's fiction, but only a bowstring's twang removed from solid research.

"Let Daddy finish reading the paper s I can at least be up to date on the que tions I know you're going to ask me

Had a chuckle the other day whe I came across a news item from En land. Seems that the owners of son boarding houses at the seaside reso of Paignton had waxed a bit too e thusiastic in advertising their proximi to the beach. Disillusioned guests cor plained to the local authorities. Th law is now set forth in this way:

"A definition of 'A stone's thro from the sea' has been set by Devo shire resort officials. It is 100 yards less. Boarding house operators will n be allowed to use that phrase in adve tisements if they are more than 1(yards distant."

So there!

—Barnab

Browsing in Fiction

Gerald Kennedy

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA,
THE METHODIST CHURCH

Once again, please allow me a few words of explanation as to what this browsing business is all about. I have tried to say what the column is and what it isn't, but apparently I have failed to get the point across.

I had a letter recently from a lady who objected to a book referred to here because it was too frank about sex. I looked back at what I had written, and I had already said that this was characteristic of the novel and had posted a warning for people who do not like this kind of writing. The lady had gone ahead and read it —and then complained because it was exactly what I said it was!

Please understand that not every book mentioned here is recommended. I try to tell what the new novels are saying and often I refer to fiction that seems definitely bad to me.

If you are afraid that too frank a facing of the seamy side of life will corrupt me, I appreciate your concern, but it is too late. I was brought up on the Bible. And there are not many forms of sin that a pastor does not meet sooner or later.

KILOMETER 95, by Herbert Russcol and Margalit Banai *(Houghton-Mifflin, $4).*

I went to Israel in 1951 and was so thrilled at what I saw that I have been branded by my friends as pro-Jewish ever since. While I am not unmindful of the problems of the Arabs and the tragic situation of the refugees, I still feel that the national state of Israel is a great accomplishment deserving the world's respect.

I say this because *Kilometer 95* is the story of heroic and often cruel resistance on the part of the Jews. Not everything they have done is noble, and this book makes it clear that the Irgun was gangsterism dedicated to patriotism. This is a good story, told within the atmosphere of the hopelessness so characteristic of our time.

You may get a partial insight into what life in Israel is like if you read *Kilometer 95*. The book has the ring of authenticity to me.

THOMASINA, by Paul Gallico *(Doubleday, $3.95).*

Here is a novel I recommend unreservedly for everybody. I do not suppose many of you still indulge in family reading, but if there are such groups left, you might enjoy reading this wonderful story out loud. Thomasina is a cat who thinks she is God. At least, she performs a near miracle in restoring a child to health and taking bitterness from a father's heart.

Then, as if that is not enough, she re-establishes a family circle by coming back to life again. To the tougher-minded readers, I would say that this book is not composed of fairylike sweetness that makes you sick.

THE SPRIG OF HEMLOCK, by Robert Muir *(Longmans, $3.95).*

Somewhere in your reading of American history you probably read about the Shay Rebellion. But unless you have been particularly interested in that episode, it probably has faded from your memory. This is a novel about that rebellion. While it is not the smoothest writing in the world, it does give an interpretation of a significant period.

Shay led the farmers in a revolt against the courts. Here were poor men in debt and afraid they were going to lose their land. Like most such movements, it began with honest motives and was supported by decent, hard-working men. Gradually, however, the wastrels, the criminals, and the lower element crept in. The rebellion ultimately was put down, although certain reforms were instituted because of it. *The Sprig of Hemlock* tells about one of the families caught in this uprising and brings in a little love to give a romantic flavor. Far from a great book, but enjoyable.

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Chauncey Sings a Solo

By IRMA B. THADEN

CHAUNCEY was the most beautiful rooster in Farmer Starr's barnyard. At least he thought so! Every morning he flew to the top of the fence and crowed, "Cock-a-doodle-do! Cock-a-doodle-do!"

As the second "Cock-a-doodle-do" left Chauncey's throat, Red Rooster flew to the fence and joined in the crowing. Then came White Rooster and, last of all, Buff Rooster.

Chauncey wished the others would let him do the crowing himself. "No need for you to get up so early," he said. "I can take care of this alone."

"Oh, but we're glad to help you," said Buff Rooster.

Help me, indeed! said Chauncey to himself. *Red Rooster is flat, Buff can't carry a tune, and White Rooster is off pitch. I can do it so much better myself.*

All day long Chauncey thought about how he could get the fence to himself so he could sing a solo. Suddenly he had an idea. Chauncey could hardly wait to try out his plan!

In the morning he flew to the fence and looked around the farmyard. Everything was quiet. Chauncey raised his head and closed his eyes. He opened his mouth wide. "Cock-a-doodle-*don't!* Cock-a-doodle-*don't!*"

Chauncey waited a while to see if his plan had worked. Red Rooster, Buff Rooster, and White Rooster did not appear.

At last he had outwitte the other roosters! Chaunce was so pleased with himse that he sang his solo agai and again.

As Chauncey strutte around the farmyard tha day, he noticed that the othe roosters and hens avoide him. But Farmer Starr wa watching him! Chauncey fe very proud of himself.

At sunrise the next da Chauncey sang his so again. "Cock-a-doodle-*don'* Cock-a-doodle-*don't!*"

Farmer Starr came bu tling out of the house. Tl hired man was right behir him. "If that rooster crow 'Cock-a-doodle-*don't*' o n c more," said Farmer Star "we'll have to get rid of hir We simply can't have a roos-

er on this farm that won't co-operate!"

This made Chauncey very unhappy. What was the use of singing solos if you lost your friends and your head as well? The more he thought about his solo, the more ashamed he became.

The next day, Chauncey flew to the fence again. He raised his head and sang out, "Cock-a-doodle-*doooooo!*" He didn't want the other roosters to miss that last note. "Cock-a-doodle-*doooooo!*" Out came Red Rooster followed by Buff Rooster and White Rooster. They joined Chauncey in the chorus, "Cock-a-doodle-*doooooooo!*"

"Let's do it again," said Chauncey. So they did. And then they sang it again and again and again!

That day Farmer Starr was showing his chickens to some visitors. "Did you ever see four finer roosters?" he asked. "You should come out early in the morning to hear them crow as a quartet!"

For All Children

Dear God, let this day
Be a happy day for children everywhere.
Help them all to think of you,
And of your love for them.
Help them all to be kind
To each other and to their pets.
Let all people who take care of children
Be wise and loving.
Let this day be a happy day
For children everywhere.

From TELL ME ABOUT PRAYER
by Mary Alice Jones.
© 1948, Rand McNally & Co.

HOW TO MAKE A CHAUNCEY

Make Chauncey the Rooster to hang on your kitchen wall. You'll need a small paper plate, three pipe cleaners, construction paper, cellophane tape, and paste. Then follow the directions below. It's easy as 1, 2, 3!

1

First, poke Chauncey's pipe-cleaner legs and neck through the plate. Tape them down on the other side.

2

Cut tail feathers and wings from brightly colored paper. Paste them in place on Chauncey's body—like this.

3

Cut Chauncey's head from paper, also. Bend his neck a bit (Chauncey won't mind!) and then tape his head onto it. Now Chauncey's finished!

The Trip

If I had a magic carpet
That went flying through the sky
I would take a trip to China
And visit old Shanghai.

I would take a trip to Paris
And another trip to Spain,
Then I would fly to London
And then fly home again.

But I haven't such a carpet,
So I'll get my old dog, Pete,
And we'll take a trip to Grandma's—
She lives just across the street!

—GINA M. BELL

Ron wondered what madness made us buy this heap with four flats and worn-out parts.

We towed the old jalopy home and sweated over it. Before long Ron was shouting . . .

'Hey, Pop, it runs!'

By ROBERT P. LONG

OUR 1931 SEDAN is by no means a "solid gold Cadillac." It doesn't even compare with some of the classic restored Lincolns and Duesenbergs. But if any of our friends ever wonder why my 15-year-old son, Ron, and I are so close—well, it's because of the many hours of fun we've shared, especially in restoring an ancient car.

When Ron and I first became mildly interested in antique autos we had no idea where our new hobby would take us. Since then it has opened a terrific hobby anyone can enjoy, given us a mechanical education, and—most important of all—led us to an enjoyable fellowship often missing between father and son.

Ours is a tightly knit Methodist family. We've always enjoyed doing things together, many of them in the church. We work and play together outside the church, too. Not long ago my wife and daughter Linda and son, Ron, pitched in to help build a brick cottage. But I think the biggest satisfaction yet was this business of restoring an old car.

Recently there has been a great awakening of interest in the automobiles of yesterday. This is evidenced by the success of national and local organizations devoted to the preservation of vintage cars, as well as by the automotive museums which attract throngs of visitors.

It was a visit to one of these museums at Southampton, Long Island, that transformed our casual interest into action. There we had a chance to study a restored Model A Ford, about 27 years old, which looked as if it had just rolled off the assembly line. Here was something we could understand, within our budget. We decided to give it a try.

There are such cars still in use. Within a week we had located a jalopy—a 1929 Ford. The "junk" certainly needed restoration. In fact, it had deteriorated so much that we felt misgivings as we began putting it in shape to tow it home, 25 miles away. The gas tank was full of gravel, all four tires (or what was left of them) were flat, what remained of the twisted body was rusty, and a hive of bees occupied one seat cushion.

To solve the bee problem, we put the infested cushion in the open rear end of the family station wagon and lowered all the windows. As I drove, a slip stream of air rushed through the car. Ron beat the cushion with a long pole; the bees poured out, and the air stream swept them away.

Then we returned to the "heap" and worked over the wheels, brakes, and steering mechanism before attempting to tow it. Once under way, with my wife pulling us in the family car, we attracted plenty of attention —especially when the towrope broke just as we approached a busy intersection and left us rolling helplessly through on the amber light.

Before we arrived home we discovered the old battery still had some kick left—fire broke out in crossed wires under the dashboard. The minor emergency ended when we yanked the wires loose.

We arrived home just as it was turning dark, saving us from the stares of incredulous neighbors.

The new project immediately evicted the family car from the garage. And as we got deeper into the years of accumulated dirt and grease we sometimes wondered what madness had led us into such a task. Still we enjoyed every minute of it.

We had help from Ron's friends. Together, we tore down the motor and cleaned and painted each part. We replaced gaskets, hoses, and other parts. For missing items, we hunted for similar cars from which we could buy parts.

On one of these hunting trips we spotted another Model A behind an old garage. We bought it, complete. This one, a 1931 model, proved so superior to our first antique that instead of using it for parts, we reversed our project. We decided to restore the '31, using the '29 for parts if necessary and chalking up to experience the work we had already done.

We still have our eye on our old '29 as another coming restoration project. This car rates officially as an antique under the pre-1930 definition laid down by the Antique Automobile Club of America. And someday, maybe, we'll trade them both for a Hupmobile.

In a reasonable time we had our '31 running fairly well. The problem was to stop it. Flooring the brake

HOBBY ALLEY

edal was as effective as yelling Whoa!" The linings had little life ft and some wheels were not even onnected to the braking system. ew linings, thorough cleaning, adsting, and oiling put the system ck in safe working order. From e two cars we managed five wheels the same size.

The finish had been massacred by years of open-air storage. So we ilt up our muscles by sandpapering. ur routine was to sand and paint, nd and paint until the tired old car oked quite respectable in its coach een with black trim.

Once satisfied with the brake and eering systems, we added sealed ams to the ancient headlamps. otorwise, we took the power plant art (all four cylinders and 24 horseower), degreased, brushed, and eaned every part. Piston rings were placed—mostly by trial and error and we painted the motor exterior engine gray and black, with a few d accents.

Talk about the father-son companship such a hobby sparks! I member one day when we were erhauling the motor and having ouble. The lady next door called to on, "Why doesn't your father junk at old car? It'll never run." I was der the car where she couldn't see e. Ron certainly leaped to my dense. As for that balky motor, it runs e new now.

As a last step, with the aid of my tient wife, we upholstered the shions and replaced the interior bric. Have you ever turned your me into an upholstery shop? It's a utter—but rewarding! I'll never forget the day we stood back to review ir handiwork.

Finally, the old car was a restored ntique, authentic as far as possible, nd conservative enough to separate from the hot rods and jalopies. The upreme exhilaration came when it assed insurance requirements and ate inspection. Ron could scarcely ait to make the road test.

Over a one-year period the car as cost us $100 (including the 1929 ord now stored away). We figure is outlay a bargain in fun. The old ord now is dependable transportaon. And it recently served as a high oint in two parties—a 13th-birthday te for Linda and as transport for ur friends in a "Roaring 20s" party.

A pleasing by-product has been the discovery that our vintage car is already worth two or three times the money we have put into it and is gaining value with every passing day. In another couple of years this granddaddy of the Thunderbird will be worth more than our "good car."

But Ron and I wouldn't take a million for the fun and companionship we've shared. That's why we say, "For a real hobby, rebuild an old car!"

And nowadays when I see other parents going through the same struggles with their fledgling mechanics, I give 'em the best advice I know how:

"Let the kids fetch home their old cars. It's one way to keep the modern family together."

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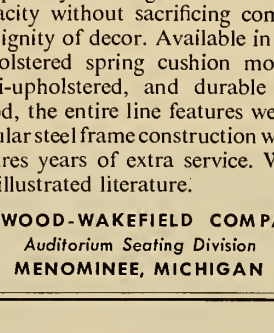

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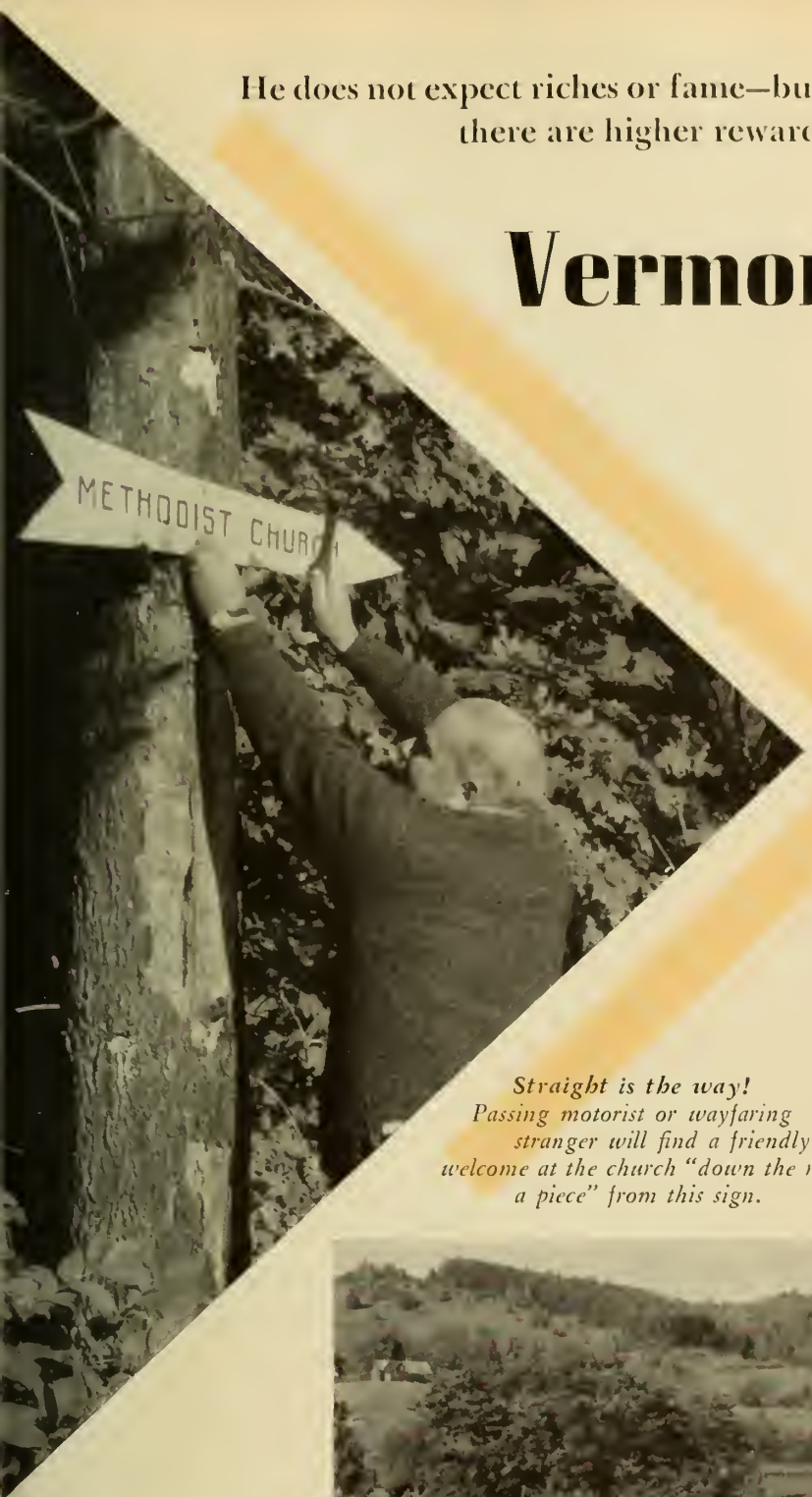

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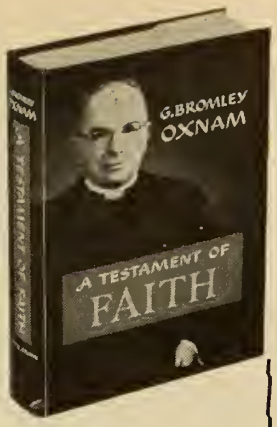

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NEWS of the world parish

METHODISTS LAUNCH 'TOWN HALL' TV SERIES

Want to talk back to your TV set? You'll get a chance in October when Methodists launch *Talk Back,* a series of programs hailed as one of the biggest forward steps in Protestant communications.

Scripts for 13 films are being written now under direction of the Television, Radio, and Film Commission, which is co-operating with the National Council of Churches in producing the series.

Each half-hour program, shown in communities across the U.S., will include one 15-minute film plus a live panel discussion by local residents. Programs will deal with such subjects as rearing children, civic responsibility, and insecurity.

Local interdenominational committees will plan ways to use the programs to get the most people to "talk back."

Viewing groups may be organized to meet in homes and churches to watch and discuss the series. Or discussion groups may be held a day or two after a broadcast.

On the air, panel members may talk by telephone to viewers in their homes.

Talk Back is in keeping with the aim of Protestant communications leaders to reach huge segments of the public. In this connection, Dr. John Osman, vice-president of the Fund for Adult Education, recently told the NCC's Broadcasting and Film Commission that TV and radio can largely shape the character of future communities.

In the new community, he contin ued, "downtowns are indistinguishable sprawling suburbs are the same relent less, uninspired shapes, people pla their standard human parts, bu thought is at the lowest common de nominator." It is up to TV and radi to give this community "cultural en tity," Osman said, by acting as a tow hall, where issues may be aired.

Jack Gould, *New York Time* radio-TV editor, urged religiou broadcasters to "influence the goo taste of the public by producing qualit shows with inventiveness and imagin tion." In religious programing now, h warned, there are too many duplic tions—too many voices.

'Aid Essential to Survival'

The churches have jumped into th foreign-aid hassle with all-out suppo of non-military aid.

Leading spokesman, Dr. Edwin

Visitors to the Methodist Center, St. Simons Island, Ga., now may view t original water colors of The Wesleys in Georgia *feature in last September's* T GETHER, *as painted by Art Editor Floyd Johnson. Dedicating the canvases Dr. W. E. Sangster (left) of London, and Bishop Arthur J. Moore of Atlan*

Motorists waiting for a go-ahead signal are able to read "stop-light" sermons on the bulletin board of Crescent Heights Methodist Church, Hollywood, Calif. Pastor Dale Conrad beams his messages to those "too busy" to go to church.

Dahlberg, National Council of Churches president, called economic, non-military aid "essential to the survival of America and civilization."

In the most backward countries, he said, there is limitless potential "if only they could have better farms, more industry, better schools, and medical care."

"The Communists see this," he went on, "and press every advantage in the political, industrial, scientific, and economic field. We could do it so much better if, instead of spending so little for mutual aid and so many billions for military defense, we threw more of the weight of our strength into our non-military defenses."

He made five suggestions to a conference on the foreign aspects of U.S. national security, meeting in Washington under sponsorship of the International Advisory Board:

- Economic-development programs should be multiplied.
- The purposes of these constructive mutual-aid programs should be set forth in unequivocal terms, emphasizing what the U.S. stands for in freedom, justice, and peace.
- Economic-development programs should be separated as far as possible from military and political considerations.
- More mutual-aid programs should be channeled through the UN.
- All programs should be based on self-help.

Dahlberg said that in 1956-57 only $402 million went for economic development and technical co-operation out of $3.7 billion appropriated for all kinds of foreign aid under the Mutual Security Program.

Fold-up Chapel Solves Problem

The latest problem-solver in Sioux Falls, S.D., is a portable steel chapel, complete with pews, kitchen, and heating plant.

It came to the rescue of the newly formed Hilltop Heights congregation, which couldn't afford to build a church right away and couldn't raise money without a building.

Local businessmen and pastors got together and helped the group buy the $10,000 chapel, which seats 96, and 2½ acres of land.

The immediate advantage is that Hilltop now has a church, put up in 30 days.

The long-range advantage is that when Hilltop is through with the structure, it can be moved to help other new congregations.

'Let's Renew Faith in Liberty'

Should we have a more meaningful Fourth of July?

Methodist bishops have joined other high-ranking religious, civic, and industrial leaders in an effort to revitalize observance of America's national holiday.

They seek to emphasize the nation's spiritual foundations and the principles of good citizenship in place of "just another day for picnicking."

This year communities will be encouraged to give the Fourth a new meaning—to celebrate it with the ringing of church bells, patriotic meetings, stirring messages in the press, on radio and TV, and a whole new awareness and appreciation of American freedoms and abundance.

The movement grew out of a group-planning observance of the 100th anniversary of Theodore Roosevelt's birth.

Seek to Close Refugee Camps

Though the spotlight has swung away from the Hungarian refugees, the plight of the uprooted peoples is still one of the world's greatest social problems. So declare officials of the World Council of Churches, who report no letup in their refugee case load. It remains at about 150,000, even though the council resettled 28,000 in 1957. The U.S. took in the largest number.

This year, American Protestants are starting a four-year crash project to collect and ship 50 million pounds of good used clothing for the refugees.

The door-to-door program will be sponsored by Church World Service, in co-operation with the 35 denominations in the National Council of Churches. Immediate goal for 1958 is 10 million pounds of clothing.

The World Council has closed its refugee office in Yugoslavia, with all the camps cleared out, marking the end of a gigantic resettlement job. Alto-

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gether, 19,000 Hungarians escaped into Yugoslavia after the border into Austria was sealed off.

"Close the Camps by 1960" is the new slogan of the UN High Commissioner for Refugees' office.

Its aim is to clear all the European camps. The task includes resettling 40,000 "old" refugees, some of whom have been in camps for a decade or longer.

New Voice for 'Men's Hour'

Chicago's "Shepherd of the Loop," Dr. Charles Ray Goff, will take over a prominent radio spot in October.

He will become the regular speaker on the *Methodist Men's Hour,* broadcast over 376 stations in 42 states.

Dr. Goff

Goff is pastor of the skyscraper Chicago Temple (First Methodist Church), oldest church in the city. The building's Chapel in the Sky, like its first-floor sanctuary, has been visited by thousands of tourists.

The Chicagoan replaces Dr. Marshall T. Steel, *Men's Hour* speaker since the program began six years ago. Steel recently left the pastorate of Highland Park Church, Dallas, to become president of Hendrix College, Conway, Ark.

Push Senior Citizens' Program

Methodists are stepping-up efforts to provide programs for senior citizens.

In Schenectady, N.Y., the Troy Conference has turned over an old Methodist church to be used as a senior citizens' center. It now serves 439 elderly members and other participants, operates on a $15,000 annual budget.

Three Methodist churches in Memphis—Chelsea Avenue, St. John's, and St. Luke's—are taking the lead in organizing senior citzens' clubs. And in LaCrosse, Wis., recently, 46 older adults met at Asbury Methodist Church to plan senior-citizen activities.

Drugs for Penniless Patients

Costly medical drugs now are being shipped overseas to help penniless patients in Methodist hospitals thanks to R. W. Fair, Tyler, Tex., and Woman's Division of Christian Service.

In three years, Layman Fair gave $20,000 for drugs, and the women matched the sum, making $40,000 available. Thus far the money has helped 17,000 patients in 30 hospitals.

Hospitals with many poor patients and short on money themselves can turn to this fund for aid, says the Board of Missions.

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CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS

Pastor Denies 'Puppet' Charge

A Methodist clergyman in a letter to the Senate Rackets Committee hotly denies union charges that ministers in Sheboygan, Wis., are under the thumb of the strike-hit Kohler Co. A four-year-old United Auto Workers strike there is the nation's longest union-management dispute.

The letter was in reply to a telegram from UAW secretary-treasurer Emil Mazey, apologizing to Sheboygan clergymen for accusing them of being "without integrity."

The Rev. T. Parry Jones of First Methodist Church, wrote that the telegram was "too late to be of any consequence. In fact two years too late." (Mazey made his original accusation two years ago, Jones said.)

When the clergymen refused to support "every work and every technique used by the union," they were accused of being spokesmen for the company, Jones said. "We are," he added, "as free a group of clergymen as you will find in any part of the country."

The Methodist minister wrote he was "grieved" that a man of Mazey's "experience and important office in the union" should "maliciously poison the minds of laborers and alienate great numbers of union members from their spiritual leaders."

Jones' letter was read into the record by Sen. Karl E. Mundt (R.-S.D.).

Church Colleges Pay Less

Teachers in small church-related colleges receive lower salaries than those in other institutions of higher learning, a U.S. Office of Education report reveals. The comparison:

The "mean salary" (half the faculty are above this point, half below) of full professors in the small private colleges is $6,540 a year, compared with $8,940 in state universities and $7,440 in state teachers colleges.

Verdict Ignites Controversy

U.S. Protestants are watching intently a bitter controversy over an Italian Catholic bishop's conviction on criminal-defamation charges.

Protestant comment has been slow, but one of the promptest statements, from Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State, hailed the verdict as "one of the most significant victories for religious tolerance in our time."

Vatican authorities, however, viewed it as another incident in a violent upsurge of anticlericalism in Italy. Another major cause of concern is the publication in a Rome left-wing newspaper of an article by French writer Roger Peyrefitte which cast aspersions on the Pope.

Leaders in Italy's Christian Democratic government point to the bishop's conviction as proof that the regime is not under clerical domination.

The suit was filed against Bishop Pietro Fiordelli of Prato by a couple he labeled "public sinners" because they were married in a civil, instead of Catholic, ceremony. The Vatican made it clear it regarded the verdict, which was appealed, as an insult to the church and a blow to its freedom. Pope Pius XII, in a move unprecedented in modern times, called off the celebration of the 19th anniversary of his coronation because of "the present condition of bitterness, sadness, and outrage."

Southern Groups Take a Stand

Methodists in the South and West last month pushed efforts to create better understanding between races.

In Atlanta, Ga., 17 professors at Emory University's Candler School of Theology, a Methodist institution, endorsed a racial-brotherhood statement issued last fall by 80 of the city's Protestant clergymen. The professors, who said their support was not solicited, expressed hope it will help stem fear, intimidation, and lawlessness.

Also in Atlanta, Methodist lay leaders of the Southeastern Jurisdiction asked the jurisdictional College of Bishops to appoint a special committee to study race relations.

And in Jackson, Miss., white and Negro college students crowded into a classroom to try to find out what makes each other tick. Such a mixed meeting is rare in Mississippi. About 30 students from Methodist-related Millsaps College, a white school, met at Tougaloo Southern Christian College, Negro. One Millsaps coed said whites and Negroes had little opportunity in Mississippi to know and understand each other. A Negro expressed pleasure that "at least I found out that we can communicate."

On the West Coast, 400 Methodist

"Maybe having teen-agers in the choir wasn't such a good idea, after all!"

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APRIL hath XXX days — 4th Month

Now 'tis spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry—Shakespeare

15	Tu	Nation mourns Lincoln's death, 1865
16	W	Wilbur Wright born 1867 He became *airborne* Dec. 17, 1903
17	Th	*Not the Bible, but people are dull*
18	Fr	Ernie Pyle meets final deadline, 1945
19	Sa	Duryea tests his gasoline engine, 1892
20	S	Christian College Day
21	M	Rome founded on seven hills, 743 B. C.
22	Tu	Oklahoma Territory opened, 1889 *A beautiful morning for homesteaders!*
23	W	Bard of the Avon b. 1564
24	Th	Methodist Society formed, California, 1847
25	Fr	U. S.-Mexican War ignited, 1846
26	Sa	U. S. Methodists meet to discuss union, 1939 Three churches merged May 10
27	S	Daylight Saving Time (*An hour lost!*)
28	M	President Jas. Monroe b. 200 years ago
29	Tu	New Yorkers ride 1st El trains, 1878
30	W	Casey Jones dies with hand on throttle, 1900

■ Just 5 days after R. E. Lee surrendered, Abraham Lincoln was shot while watching a play at Ford's Theater in Washington. The unconscious president was carried to a house across the street where during the fateful night his life ebbed away. He died at 7:22 next morning. Millions, including many Southerners, grieved as from a personal loss.

MAY hath XXXI days — 5th Month

Beyond the stars—what?
Is it the beginning or end you see?
For beyond the stars—what? —Anonymous

1	Th	Penny post cards appear, 1873
2	Fr	Career of Leonardo da Vinci ends, 1519
3	Sa	Plane spans U. S. nonstop, 1923
4	S	National Family Life Week
5	M	Greater New York charter signed, 1879
6	Tu	Eiffel Tower takes over Paris skyline, 1889
7	W	*Whoso neglects learning in his youth loses the past and is dead for the future*
8	Th	V E Day, 1945
9	Fr	Birthday of Sir Jas. Barrie, 1869 He created ever-youthful Peter Pan
10	Sa	U. S. Navy launches 1st vessel, 1797
11	S	Rural Life Sunday
12	M	J. Wesley lays cornerstone in Bristol, 1739 It was for world's 1st Methodist chapel
13	Tu	Churchill offers "blood, sweat, and tears," 1940
14	W	E. Jenner tries out 1st vaccination, 1796

■ Leonardo was one of the most astonishing geniuses of all time. A great painter (his Mona Lisa is perhaps best known), he also was a sculptor, architect, musician, mechanic, engineer, natural philosopher, and writer. Da Vinci was the first painter to recognize the play of light and shade, to probe laws of perspective, human and animal anatomy. Considered a wild-eyed dreamer by contemporaries, he even designed a flying machine before 1500.

laymen and ministers discussed race relations at Glendale, Calif. In small workshops, they pooled ideas, one group emphasizing that integration ought to be treated as an evangelistic opportunity, not a problem. But it warned: don't use fanfare and don't assume a self-righteous attitude.

Among a dozen resolutions, delegates adopted one opposing a new Japanese church in Gardena. They recommended a bigger effort to integrate Japanese-Americans into one of the three existing Methodist churches there.

Horror Movies Under Fire

Legislators and preachers are firing a new barrage at horror movies.

Such films stimulate the "sadistic impulses of impressionable boys and girls," said Sen. Paul Douglas (D.-Ill.) in telegrams to Washington, D.C., area officials.

"If there is any one thing that would contribute more to juvenile delinquency . . . it is this kind of trash," echoed Sen. Primo Iacobucci of Providence. He was introducing in the Rhode Island Senate a bill to prohibit any movie or production from starting after 10 P.M., except by permission of local licensing authorities.

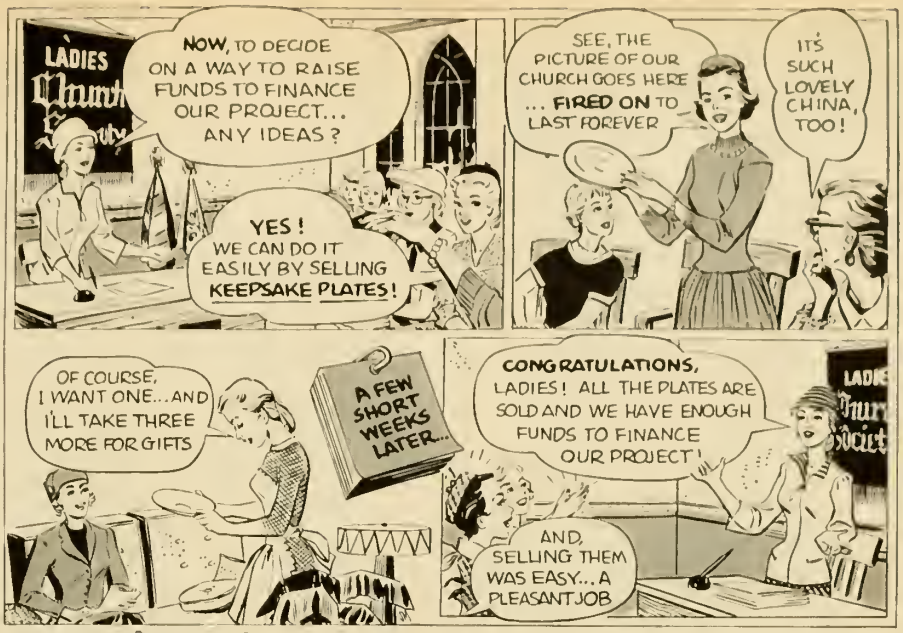
The Rhode Island State Council of Churches called on the film industry and theaters to "re-examine their responsibility" relating to "quality of films, type of advertising, and hour of showing." Newspapers and radio-TV stations must carry on a "positive program of ethical advertising and programing," the ministers said. They advised parents to read reviews in church periodicals and other "reputable" magazines before selecting family entertainment.

Foundation Cites Together

Remember TOGETHER's August pictorial, *America the Beautiful?*

Well, this reader-participation feature now has won the George Washington honor medal (above) awarded by Freedoms Foundation.

Hundreds of readers submitted more



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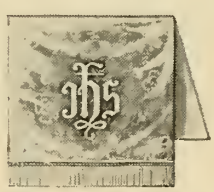

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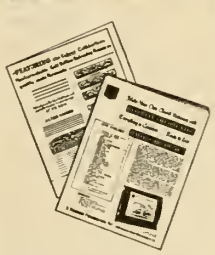

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than 12,000 color photos. From these, the most outstanding were chosen to illustrate phrases of the poem-hymn, *America the Beautiful,* by Katharine Lee Bates.

Methodists took other honors, too. Dr. Frederick Brown Harris, Senate chaplain and former pastor of Foundry Methodist Church, Washington, D.C., was one of four recipients of Freedom Leadership Awards. And several Methodist ministers received citations for outstanding sermons.

Methodists Hit Sunday Sales

Methodists now are waging all-out battle against Sunday commercialization, especially unnecessary Sabbath shopping.

Bishop Marshall R. Reed, representing 1,000 Michigan Methodist churches, told a state legislative committee in Lansing: "If Sunday becomes the same as any other day, something important will go out of our life." And the Michigan Council of Churches, which he heads, warned there will be inadequate time for rest, family recreation, and worship if the Sunday shopping trend continues.

The bishop explained his stand in *The Michigan Advocate:* "Methodists by inheritance and tradition believe and practice the observance of Sunday as God's day . . . We are also in the tradition of John Wesley, who prepared some General Rules for the members of his societies and which still appear in our *Discipline.* Among them is this one: 'It is expected of all who continue in our societies that they shall avoid evil of every kind such as the profaning of the day of the Lord either by doing ordinary work therein or buying or selling.' "

In the same direction, New Jersey and Newark Annual Conference cabinets presented a joint statement on Sunday observance to a state Assembly hearing.

In several other areas, Protestant and Catholic groups have joined forces. The two faiths distributed 25,000 stickers in Joliet, Ill., urging "Keep Sunday Holy—Don't Shop." And in Washington, D.C., Protestant and Catholic clergymen cautioned parishioners on increasing Sabbath encroachments.

Architects Criticize Own Work

U.S. church architects are discontented with much of their latest work.

They revealed this mood at the 18th National Conference on Church Architecture in Detroit. They don't agree on what is wrong with their work, but they concur on the need for outstanding designs. TOGETHER explored the new and the old in *Is It Good-by to Gothic?,* [February, page 32] and *In Defense of Gothic* [March, page 33].

When four juries came to pick winners in the annual church-architecture contest, they withheld top awards in three out of four categories.

The more than 100 contest designs "failed to capture the spirit and controlled and considered imagination which the juries had a right to expect," explained Charles F. Cellarius, Cincinnati architect. A top award went to the Cate School Chapel in Carpinteria, Calif., a low structure with semi-flat roof, windowless on one side and all glass on the opposite. Churches with contemporary design walked off with most of the honors.

Teen Drinking on Increase?

Teen-agers are more curious why so many people drink than why they don't, says a Yale University specialist in alcohol studies.

Dr. Raymond G. McCarthy told a national Methodist-sponsored seminar in Washington, D.C., that this youthful curiosity may be one of the reasons for the sharp increase in drinking among young people after the ninth grade.

A survey of 3,000 high-school students showed only 11 per cent approved of drinking, compared to 30 per cent who were neutral and 59 per cent who disapproved. But, added McCarthy, 3 per cent admitted that they drank sometimes, and an amazingly large number said they drank at home with the permission of their parents.

Another survey in the 20-29 age bracket revealed the highest incidence of drinking among high-school and college graduates. Of the nondrinkers, he said, 41 per cent were Protestant, 2 per cent Roman Catholic, and 14 per cent Jewish.

Though every state now requires instruction on alcohol, the teaching is not effective—sometimes not even factual, McCarthy said. He urged young people to take a close look at realities, and teachers to help them see drinking is not a badge of adulthood.

Students View Political Life

Many Methodist students, including at least two sizable organized groups, were among this spring's crop of young camera-carrying tourists in the nation's capital.

Fifty-eight Methodists from 43 colleges and universities took part in a Washington-New York seminar sponsored by the Methodist Student Movement. And 68 MYF members and counselors made a similar trip under auspices of the Methodist boards of Education and World Peace.

The students heard Sen. Hubert Humphrey (D.-Minn.) outline a program for foreign aid.

They heard Sen. Wayne Morse (D.-Ore.) and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. In addition, they visited Congress, the

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State Department, the Supreme Court, the Egyptian embassy, Methodist-related American University, and, in New York, the UN and the Methodist Board of Missions.

New Look at Education

Higher education—a burning issue in these Sputnik times—took top place at a recent eight-state Methodist meeting in Oklahoma City.

More than 100 delegates, including a dozen college presidents, attended the South Central Jurisdiction Council meeting. They heard Dr. R. J. Seeger of the National Science Foundation call for "a scientific, cultural, and spiritual outlook in order that we may live together in one world."

The meeting was timed to tie in with the inauguration of Dr. Jack Stauffer Wilkes as president of Methodist-related Oklahoma City University.

The council also:

Approved moves to relate Methodism's new theological seminary to be established in Kansas City to the entire jurisdiction as well as the states directly affected—Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska.

NEWS DIGEST . . .

CLUBS WORRY CHURCHES. A committee of the Ministerial Association of Greater Cincinnati is investigating reports that Sunday meetings of high-school fraternities and sororities are cutting into church attendance.

REJECTS GIFT. Kentucky Wesleyan College, a Methodist-related institution at Owensboro, has returned a $1,000 gift to the Kenneland Foundation because of the foundation's association with Kenneland Race Track. The college "stands at variance with gambling," said Dr. Oscar W. Lever, president.

BLOOPER. News agencies erred in reporting that 3,400 Methodist college students at Lawrence, Kan., this winter adopted a resolution labeling themselves as the "uncommitted generation," says the Board of Education. Such a statement was read at the closing session, but not formally adopted. [February, page 66.]

CHECK EPIDEMIC. Quick action by the Board of Missions, New York, in shipping 2,500 vials of vaccine to Rangoon, Burma, has helped check a threatened diphtheria epidemic among school children.

'GOD'S HOUSEHOLD.' This theme will be used in hundreds of Methodist churches during the observance of National Family Week, May 4-11. Special sermons, children's programs, family nights, plays, and posters will focus attention on the home.

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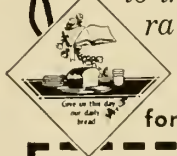

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Let's Get Acquainted

Charlotte Edwards takes the lion by the mane in *Facing Fear* (page 17), a chapter from her book, *Heaven on the Doorstep,* (Hawthorn Books, $3). A religious work is something new for Mrs. Edwards. In the past, she has written smart, slick women's fiction for nearly every major magazine, including *Saturday Evening Post, Good Housekeeping, McCall's* and *Ladies' Home Journal*. The idea for the book, she tells us, came to her at a Thursday-morning prayer and healing service, which she tries never to miss. The book came like a gift—every chapter head, each idea unfolded as she attended the weekly meetings. And this chapter is a truly outstanding testament of a woman's faith.

•

TOGETHER's thanks go now to the members of the Woman's Society of Christian Service who responded wholeheartedly to our request for information about their activities as we prepared *Women With the World on Their Minds* (page 10). We appreciate, too, the invitation from WSCS President Mrs. J. Fount Tillman, which enabled our **Peg Keilholz** to attend the annual meeting of the Woman's Division of Christian Service at Buck Hill Falls, Pa. Peg wanted to meet Mrs. Tillman—and she, in turn, felt that Peg should see the organization in action. The end result —well, once you've read Peg's article, you'll see why these busy Methodist women set a pace their menfolk find hard to match.

•

If you—or some members of your family—are getting ready for college, *Maybe There's a Scholarship for You* (page 29), is must reading. Scholarships are more easily available than many of us realize. If you're qualified, all you have to do is find the scholarship that fits best. . . . The trend toward all-night graduation parties is growing. And this is causing parents considerable concern. "You ought to do something about this before graduation time," one parent admonished us. So we're "doing something" this month in a Powwow, *What About Those All-Night Graduation Parties?* (page 26). Typical opinions from cities and towns across the country. . . . What fascination makes people restore ancient cars? It's all made clear at last in *'Hey, Pop, It Runs!'* (page 58).

OUR CAMERA CLIQUE

Even though engineer executive **Eugene Clay** is helping blaze new sky trails with the jet planes he designs, he gets his biggest enjoyment taking color photographs. Next biggest hobby: Art. So when the *Madonna Festival* was held at the Wilshire Methodist Church in Los Angeles—where Clay is a member of the official board—he saw a golden opportunity to combine his three off-the-job interests—church, art, and shutterbugging. The results of his excursion to this nationally famous festival: page 35.

Cover—Dibble • 1—Leeser-Camera Clix • 2—Lambert • 20-21-22-23—UN Relief & Works Agency for Palestine Refugees • 21—Bot.-Church World Service • 30—Top-Nat. Geographic Soc.; bot.-Rutledge • 31—Top-Eileen Darby/courtesy of McCall's; bot.-Coltin • 35-42—Clay • 45—Patterson-Black Star • 49—Top to bot.-Blakeslee Studio, Gable Studio • 61-62-63—Carroll-Black Star • 65—Religious News Service • 72—Autrey • 76—Marshall

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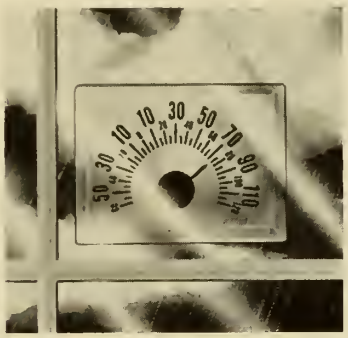

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How one woman's life shaped the destinies of millions.

Mother of Methodism

Susanna Wesley, one of history's outstanding women, was both mother and teacher of our church's founder.

By HERMAN B. TEETER

OF SUSANNA WESLEY, her sons might truly say, "All that I am I owe to my mother." No man, perhaps, has ever owed more to his mother than did John Wesley, the founder of Methodism. Because of this, the mother of one of the most remarkable families of England is the mother of Methodism.

She was a beauty. High spirited, keen witted, strong minded. Only 10 of her 19 children—seven daughters and three sons—grew to maturity. They were reared in Epworth rectory in Lincolnshire County—and no sooner were they born than Susanna Wesley regulated their lives by rule and method.

Throughout most of her life span from 1669 to 1742, poverty and ill health were with her throughout her life. But Susanna was a deeply religious woman, courageous, self-controlled, intelligent. She moved with authority through nursery, home schoolroom, parlor, kitchen, and garden.

Spiritually, she may have been almost unique among the mothers of her day. She lived in an infidel age. Licentiousness, gambling, drunkenness, even murder, were rampant in England. Her world was a small one, bound largely by the four walls of her home. Yet she probably contributed more than any woman of her time toward reversing the trend of godlessness that threatened to sweep the nation into revolution and moral ruin.

Until the end of her life, John Wesley sat at her knee. As a child, he received no special favors, although his mother thought God had intended him for some work of special importance, that she should devote particular attention to him and train him for service to God. As a man, already embarked on the world-wide movement of Methodism, he sought her counsel often.

Nothing is known of Susanna's own mother. There seems little doubt, however, that she handed down to her daughter many of the traits that bore fruit in John and his younger brother, Charles, whose hymns will be sung as long as men worship God. Susanna was the twenty-fifth and youngest child of Dr. Samuel Annesley, a scholar and minister. When she was about 20 she was married to the Rev. Samuel Wesley, a rector of the Church of England, who was to devote most of his ministry to a parish near the town of Epworth.

By modern standards, she was an extremely strict mother. She was also extremely fair, as quick to praise as to punish. She punished for such things as rudeness, boisterous conduct, eating between meals, lack of respect for the rights and property of others, for failure to apply one's self to task. It is said, too, that no child older than a year was ever heard crying in the rectory. Susanna taught them to weep softly.

Not all modern parents would agree with her methods rearing children, but a great deal of sound psychology seems to have motivated Susanna. Some parents, she used to point out, "are so stupidly fond as in sport to teach their children to do things which, in a while after, they have severely beaten them for doing." And, she observed, "Cowardice and fear of punishment often lead children into lying." She did not believe in punishing her children for faults or misbehavior "if they would ingenuously confess it and promise amend." She reasoned that duties about the house should never be assigned as punishment, because then such duties would become hateful to the child. When she rebuked, it was never done in anger.

Nor would all modern educators agree that Susanna's methods of educating her children were either proper or practical. That she got excellent results cannot be denied. Her program of home education was designed not only to give a child a broad background of knowledge, but to instill in him a deep sense of reverence.

When John, whom she called "Jacky," was five, she began his education. In one day he learned the alphabet—as did the other children. She taught him to spell from the first chapter of the Old Testament: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth . . ."

After three months, five-year-old John could read as well as many educated adults.

Through the early years and into their teens, Susanna educated her children in the home, six hours a day plus one evening to each child in rotation. Thursday evenings were John's. To the end of his life, John Wesley never forgot those evenings with his mother.

Famous portrait: *This fine oil painting by Frank O. Salisbury hangs in the World Methodist Building at Lake Junaluska, N. C.*

The home school always opened and closed with the singing of a Psalm. No one was permitted to interrupt the studies, which included much more than religious training. When John emerged from Epworth, his was a solid background in literature, science, languages, and logic. Susanna Wesley had planned well.

Despite her many duties, Susanna kept her own times for prayer, meditation, and writing. Her methodical nature was pointed out when John wrote, "She never suffered anything to break in upon her stated hours of retirement, which she sacredly observed from the age of 17 or 18 to 72."

Her early years of marriage were turbulent years in England. They were turbulent, too, in the debt-ridden rectory. An estrangement developed between Susanna and her husband over a difference concerning William III, who occupied the throne. At family prayers Susanna refused to say "Amen" to her husband's prayer for the king because she did not believe the Prince of Orange was king. Samuel, vowing not to live with his wife until she accepted William, rode away and was gone several months. He returned after William died and Queen Anne, acceptable to both, ascended the throne. John was the first child born after his return.

Even then, all did not go well. Samuel, scholarly but impractical, was no stranger to debtors' prison. His parish-

The Mother of Methodism is buried in Bunhill Fields Cemetery opposite Wesley Chapel in City Road, London. Here John preached her funeral before what he termed "one of the most solemn assemblies I ever saw, or expect to see." Susanna's grave is near those of John Bunyan, Daniel Defoe, Isaac Watts, William Blake, George Fox, and other notables.

ioners, already suspicious of him, soon developed a sullen hatred for the blunt Tory. Twice, fire destroyed the rectory. In the second blaze, John escaped miraculously, convincing Susanna more than ever that God intended him for special work. Her concern for his religious life grew. When he entered Christ College, Oxford, at 17, she wrote:

"Now in good earnest resolve to make religion the business of life; for, after all, that is the one thing that, strictly speaking, is necessary. All things besides are comparatively little to the purpose of life.

"I heartily wish you would now enter upon a strict examination of yourself, that you may know whether you have a reasonable hope of salvation by Jesus Christ. If you have it, the satisfaction of knowing it will abundantly reward your pains; if you have it not, you will find a more reasonable occasion for tears than can be met with in any tragedy."

She sensed that John, despite his good intentions and theological bent, had not found himself; that much soul-searching remained for him before he fulfilled his destiny. To him as to her other children, she wrote many letters. Between the lines was a mother's tender care, but the words were clear and strong. In one letter to John she defined sin as "whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things—in short, whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind, that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself."

Shrine of Methodism: The old Epworth rectory is little changed today from the time Susanna Wesley lived there.

Susanna by no means devoted most of her time to John and Charles. She lavished her loyalty and affection on all the children. If she had a personal favorite among the boys it could have been Samuel, her first-born. Samuel was an alert, intelligent lad who did not speak, however, until he was five. From then on he learned rapidly and became both widely known and respected. Once, in writing to him, Susanna said: "You, my son—you who was once the son of my extremest sorrow in your birth and in your infancy, who is now the son of my tenderest love..."

But John had more reason, perhaps, to seek her counsel than did the others. He went to her before accepting James Oglethorpe's invitation to go to America as a missionary. Susanna said: "Yes, John, you may go. If I had 20 sons I should be glad to have them so engaged, though I should never see them more." And when he returned from America frustrated, still unable to find the faith he finally found at Aldersgate, she continued to encourage him. It is doubtful that he would have employed lay preachers in his work, had it not been for his mother's influence.

Susanna lived seven years after her husband's death. With his passing, she left the rectory to live with her children. In the old building, now preserved as a shrine of Methodism, she had fashioned in her sons the forces for good that many believe saved Great Britain from revolt and moral anarchy. John Wesley's evangelism, nurtured by her teachings, sparked a spiritual resurgence unrivaled in history.

Susanna Wesley was one woman, one mother, who moved in one family circle, who was content, as she often said, "to fill a little space, if God be glorified." And in her life, God was indeed glorified.

New York Area

NEWS of Your Church in Action

Bishop Frederick B. Newell, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

Editor: Margaret F. Donaldson
150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

Women met for tea in the Kennedy Room recently to discuss expansion of volunteer services at Methodist Hospital, Brooklyn. These volunteers, from left, Mrs. Albert W. Cook, Mrs. Edgar O. Martinson, and Mrs. LeRoy Liesegang, and others, plan to establish a motor corps and to increase the services of men and junior volunteers.

Churches Find 'Prayer Changes Things'

There are several evidences that practical application of prayer is becoming a factor in the spiritual growth of New York Area Methodists.

Several Methodist churches, including Broadway Temple-Washington Heights, Bellmore, and Mamaroneck, N. Y., are joining the growing ranks of Protestant churches holding spiritual healing services.

An inspiring account of a prayer-fellowship comes from Southern District. Newark Conference, where prayer meetings for laymen are held in different churches each month.

Former District Lay Leader J. Kenneth Fritz reports that 12 men attended the first meeting Dec. 7, 1954, at New Providence Church.

"It seems significant," he states, "that there were just 12."

Attendance now totals 45 per meeting and two or three laymen plus the pastor from each new church where meetings are held usually are added to the fellowship.

Each session starts with a devotional service and the last half-hour is spent in prayer. "This period," Fritz reports, "has gone as much as 30 minutes overtime."

His testimony to the value of the fellowship follows:

"It is difficult to put into words what these meetings are doing for the laymen on their jobs, in their homes, and in their churches. Lives have been transformed. Living the Christian life and the blessings of daily Bible study and prayer have become a reality. The spiritual life of these men has been deepened. High above the stories of faith healing, answered prayers, habits overcome, experiences of meeting Christ and practicing Christian living have resulted in a fellowship that cannot be explained in words."

The Southern District laymen will hold their second annual Spiritual Life Retreat May 23-25 at the Baptist Conference Center, Lebanon, N. J., with the theme, "The Bible Speaks." Prof. Howard C. Kee of Drew University will be resource leader.

Youth to Hear Crane

Two thousand young people from the New York East Conference will hold an annual convocation May 10 at 10:30 a.m. at First Church, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

The Rev. Henry Hitt Crane of Detroit, Mich., will be the keynote speaker on the topic, "For the Living of These Days." The Drew University Players will present a dramatic program and the Drew University choir will sing.

Dr. Crane

Crane has been pastor of the Central Methodist Church in Detroit since 1938 and has earned a reputation as one of the country's most popular speakers.

In 1936 and 1937, Dr. and Mrs. Crane circled the globe, visiting approximately 40 countries. Fifteen years before this trip, he made a five-month tour of the Orient with his uncle, the late Dr. Frank Crane, during which time the two collaborated in writing a book and more than 150 articles.

Among 102 members honored by Fremont Street Church, Groversville, N. Y., for being members 50 years or more were, from left, George Ellsworth, 73 years; S. W. Fear, 76 years; and Mrs. George F. Conroy, 70. Pastor Jesse S. Green, second from right, was speaker.

Honor Two Educators

President Edward W. Seay and Dean Margaret E. Hight of Centenary College for Women have been inducted as honorary members of Delta Phi Chapter of Phi Theta Kappa, national scholastic fraternity for two-year colleges at ceremonies held in the Whitney Chapel on the Centenary campus. The undergraduate members of the organization selected Seay and Miss Hight not only because of the assistance which they have rendered to the Delta Phi Chapter but also because of the national recognition they have received for their contributions to education. Seay recently was elected vice-president of the National Association of Schools and Colleges of The Methodist Church and Miss Hight was appointed to the executive committee of the Junior College Council of the Middle Atlantic States.

In Memoriam

- Newark Conferencne:

Curtis B. Geyer, Feb. 21; George A. Law, Feb. 16; George G. Hollingshead, Mar. 15.

- New York East:

N. Elmer Honnold, Feb. 8; Willis E. Ridgeway, Feb. 20.

Drew Holds Convocation

Drew University celebrated the 90th anniversary of its chartering with the first all-university convocation to be held in the new gymnasium-auditorium.

President Fred G. Holloway was the speaker, and one of the participants was the Rev. Dr. Eric M. North of Chatham, N. J., a Drew trustee and grandson of the late Charles G. North, one of the incorporators of the university.

Guest of honor at a tea celebrating publication by Abingdon of her new book, "Bible Stories for Young Readers," Edith Patterson Meyer autographs a copy. It is the first book for young people based on the Revised Standard Version. Mrs. Meyer was formerly a children's librarian, an editor with Rand McNally, and for Abingdon.

THE BISHOP WRITES

Needed: The Laymen's Voice

A year ago the first bishop's Lenten luncheon was held in Christ Church. More than 300 of our finest laymen were present from the vicinity of New York City. At that time it was announced that similar meetings would be held in 1958. Recently we were in the midst of those meetings, one being held in Trinity Church, Albany, Mar. 18., one in Newburgh, N. Y., Mar. 20, and one in Newark, N. J., Mar. 25. There were several hundred laymen present at these meetings.

The bishop is stressing six subjects in these Lenten addresses, some of which are the subjects of a year ago:

- The size and structure of the area.
- The participation of laymen in the work and governance of the church.
- The minister's salary.
- Property and debt problems and their control.
- The necessity of a growing church.
- The requirements of stewardship.

These Lenten meetings have been called for two purposes, viz., to make the laymen realize their responsibility for the church and to inform the laymen of the importance of the voice of the laity in the church today. One of the greatest contributions of The Methodist Church to its membership is the fact that in the earliest days the church gave voice to the laity. This voice was expressed in class meetings and prayer meetings and love feasts and official boards and quarterly conferences. Gradually the strength of this voice has been diminishing. It is possible that one of the greatest needs of Methodism in this hour is the recovery by the laity of its voice of religious experience. For the church will never bring the world to a higher concept of morality and integrity without the voice of the laity speaking strongly and courageously on the issues of the age.

FREDERICK BUCKLEY NEWELL

Plan Two Family Life Conferences

Two conferences on family life will be held this spring for representatives of 270 churches in the New York East Conference.

They will be held at 10:00 a.m. Apr. 19 at First Church, Bridgeport, Conn., and May 3 at the Westbury, N .Y., Church.

The Rev. Edgar N. Jackson, of Mamaroneck, will be leader at both conferences and will discuss the problems, opportunities, and challenges of family relationships.

Jackson studied at the Post Graduate Center for Psychotherapy in New York City and served two terms as president of the New Rochelle Guidance Center, a state-sponsored clinic for psychotherapy and research. A graduate of Ohio Wesleyan University, he is the author of *This Is My Faith, How to Preach to People's Needs,* and *Understanding Grief.*

10 Come to U.S. to Study

Ministers from Methodist churches in Africa and Asia have been brought to the U. S. by the Division of World Missions for a semester of specialized training at Drew University, followed by six months of practical field experience.

Classroom work includes Bible study and biblical theology, Christian and social ethics, and a special seminar on the needs of pastors. From June through November, they will serve interneship as associate pastors in Methodist parishes.

Probe Staff Ministry

Problems involved in a staff ministry were discussed by the Rev. J. Edward Carothers of First Church, Schenectady, N. Y., at a meeting of associate pastors of North and South Carolina at the invitation of Bishop Nolan B. Harmon.

The topics were "The Spiritual Problems of a Staff Ministry" and "The Spiritual Disciplines Required in a Staff Ministry."

The conclusions:

"1. The terms 'associate' and 'assistant' are not properly applied to the pastors who may not be preachers. We should abandon terminology which suggests inferior status. The term 'colleague' is more appropriate.

"2. Urbanization requires specialization in our pastoral work. Preaching, administration, education, and pastoral care require specialists whose status is accepted in true value by congregations.

"3. When pastors working together

Doctors examine typhiod patient brought swiftly and comfortably to Kolar Hospital in well-equipped ambulance sent by Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief last summer. "How to say thank you is difficult," Dr. Esther Shoemaker, hospital director, writes Bishop Newell. "We can only say it has already saved many lives."

l special functions demonstrate ma-ire capacity to 'lift each other up' ithout jealousy or friction of any kind ie staff ministry is a blessing to our hurches.

"4. Our people need to reconstruct ieir concept of the work of the pas-ors. Many of us still think in rural erms although most of us now live in rban centers. The rural church can-ot win the city, nor can a city pastor ieet the expectations of a congrega-ion which thinks of his work in rural erms."

Study Missions in Japan

Expert planning and spirited promo-ion accounted for a record attendance t four Sunday Schools of Missions held t First Church, Englewood, N. J., ac-ording to William Kiss, public rela-ions chairman.

Each session was opened with the erving of Japanese tea and the play-ng of Japanese music. Japanese ladies nd children, members of our church, idorned in colorful native Japanese kimonos, served as hostesses. Refresh-nents were imported directly from Tokyo. Authentic Japanese art objects, istorical scrolls, dolls, and other arti-les of Japanese origin were displayed.

Dr. C. W. Iglehart, author of the mis-ion study book, *Cross and Crisis in Japan*, noted authority on Japan, and l leader of the Christian movement here, pointed out that Christians are a significant minority in Japan, some 400,000 in a population of 90 million. He explained that Japan's unique cul-ture is the result of the influence of different Asian religions, among them Shintoism and Buddhism, and because of this. Christianity will continue to grow slowly. To become a Christian, sacrifice and the rupture of family ties. Iglehart said, requires a great deal of sacrifice and the rupture of family ties.

Many phases of Japanese life, in-cluding the progress of the Christian movement and the growth of missions, were covered during the four sessions. Programs included panel discussions, filmstrips, dialogues.

Mildred Brown, a student at Union Theological Seminary, spoke at the last session on her experiences as a mis-sionary in the northern part of Japan. The program following a sukiyaki sup-per included a presentation of studies by the junior and primary classes.

An Extra 'Not'

An enterprising gremlin inadvert-ently altered the Rev. Hobart F. Goewey's technique for sermon prepa-ration as described in the January edi-tion of the Supplement.

"I do not memorize exactly more than a few sentences. I do soak my mind and heart in the main ideas and emphases," Goewey had written in the Burlington *Free Press.* Somehow, an extra "not" turned up in the quotation before the word "soak." We hereby exorcise it—with apologies to Goewey and the *Free Press.*

James Speaks at Drew

The Rev. William M. James, pastor of Metropolitan Community Church in New York City, was guest speaker in a Religious Emphasis Week program at Drew University Mar. 16-21. His sub-jects were "Christian Life on the Amer-ican Scene," "Christian Challenge to New Philosophies," and "A Look at God through Jesus Christ." The pro-gram also included a faculty panel dis-cussing "How Would Christ Change Modern Day Christianity?" and a dra-matic reading, "The Terrible Meek," by Charles Rann Kennedy.

Start Fund for Students

The East Quogue Church has estab-lished a scholarship fund for students who wish to study for Christian service, including the ministry, teaching, or nursing.

Cognizant of the need for more Christian workers and of the financial difficulties encountered by many stu-dents, the fund committee will make help available to Protestants, preferably Methodists, in the east end of Suffolk County in the Brooklyn South District of the New York East Conference.

New Faces in New Places

New York Conference:

Donald G. Guiles to supply Pine Bush, N. Y.

Troy Conference:

Frank W. Grippin to First Church, Bennington, Vt.

Charles E. Davis to supply Essex and Whallonsburg, N. Y.

L. Burlin Main to Detroit Confer-ence.

Newark Conference:

John Robert Nelson to Tennessee Conference.

MYFers at Patchogue, N. Y., had a candlemaking day at which 27 members made 70 candles. Among candlemakers were, from left, Benny Wilson, Kathy Bishop, Linda Meachem, Peter Raynor, Richard Nogiewich, and Fred Henson, president.

New Horizons

• Open house planned by the Scotia, N. Y., Church for its new education building became a "closed house" because of a severe blizzard. The event was held a week later when parishioners had the opportunity to inspect the new $100,000 facilities which provide for a babyfold, two kindergarten classes, nursery, kitchen, and offices for the Rev. Paul V. Hydon, pastor, and the Rev. Herman D. Berlew, associate pastor of Christian education.

• Four former pastors and the widow of a fifth were present at the consecration of the new education building at Gladstone, N. J.

• Bishop Newell preached at the dedication sermon at St. Mark's Church, Rockville Centre, N. Y., when the mortgage on the new building was burned recently.

• The new education unit of Norwalk, Conn., Church was declared open by Bishop Newell in the presence of the Rev. W. Wesley Williams, pastor when the plans were drawn, and the Rev Barton Bovee, present pastor.

• The McKownville Church becam debt-free when the mortgage on the 2 acres of property was burned by Al bany District Superintendent Harol W. Griffis and the Rev. Albert Warner pastor.

A $20,000 debt on the Community Church Parish House, East Meadow, N. Y., goes up in smoke amid the happy smiles of, from left, the Rev. Arnold Miller, pastor; the Rev. Kenneth B. Grady, district superintendent; and Louis Hauser, church lay leader.

High point in the construction of the new $200,000 building being erected by First Church, Plainfield, N. J., is the hoisting of the steeple into place by a 130-foot crane. The structure will be dedicated by Bishop Newell in January.

The Circuit Writer

• Most memorial windows are given in tribute to someone no longer living, but the Rev. Arthur P. White of Delmar, N. Y., is the recipient of such a window from the young people of his church while he is very much alive. The young people, who, incidentally, number 800 of 1,736 members, raised funds for the window secretly and made a surprise presentation at a birthday party for White. It memorializes many of the well-remembered words of counsel and guidance he has spoken during his pastorate.

• After the manner of the CBS "Sunrise Semester" which gained many New Rochelle "students," First Church held a Lenten school for six Thursday evenings with a thorough study of the Gospel of St. John.

• The Northern District of the Newark Conference has launched a "Ten Thousand Club" to raise funds for the expansion of churches. The plan calls for 1,000 to pledge $10 toward each new building project with the restriction that not more than two projects will be planned per year.

• The Rev. Grant S. Shockley, pastor of Janes Church, Brooklyn, has been elected second vice-president of the Brooklyn Division of the Protestant Council of the City of New York.

• First Church, Stamford, Conn., has issued a 41-page booklet containing Lenten meditations written by the laymen of the church. It is sponsored by the commission on education.

• "Taxi!" A New York taxi driver was surprised to pull up to the curb Feb. 19 in response to that call and hear his passenger say, "Arch Street Methodist Church, Philadelphia." It was the Rev. Ralph W. Sockman, who was to preach the noon Lenten sermon and had discovered the Pennsylvania trains had been canceled because of the snow. The taxi made the trip in time, the driver stayed for the service and then drove Sockman back to New York. Fare: $50.

• There are four children but only two birthdays in the family of the Rev. and Mrs. Jack Russell in New Milford, Mass. Their fourth boy, David Roy, was born Feb. 19 on his brother Danshan's sixth birthday. Their brothers, John and Eric, will be five and four, respectively, on June 25. Russell, New York East Conference secretary, terms it "parenthood planned for birthda cake economy."

• Then Kensington Methodist Churcl in Berlin, Conn., held its 100th annua meeting Feb. 23.

• The Circuit Writer was guilty of a error in the February story about th unusual growth of the Unionville Conn., Church. The story states tha three years ago the church numbere about 30 members. That figure repre sents the attendance. The membershi totaled 162.

• The MYF of St. Paul's Church, Mid dletown, N. Y., traveled by bus to Ne York Mar. 21 for a shopping tour an a visit to Cinerama.

• A "declaration of faith through word and song" was presented Mar. 16 at th South Bethlehem, N. Y., Church by th youth choirs and cabinet of the Catskil Mountain Subdistrict MYF. Charle Wesley hymns were sung by six junio choirs.

• The junior choir of the Mamaroneck N. Y., Church celebrated its 15th an niversary with a gala concert. Assistin the 87-voice group was a barber sho quartette featuring the pastor, the Re Edgar N. Jackson, as baritone soloist

• Mrs. John M. Pearson, wife of th Newburgh District superintendent, i co-chairman of the committee plannin the Fifth Assembly of the Woman' Division of Christian Service May 6- in St. Louis, Mo.

• Visitors to the Brussels World's Fai will see a painting featuring Wesle Chapel, now known as John Stree Methodist Church. The work of Josep Smith, famous artist of his day and trustee of the church, the picture wil be exhibited by the Smithsonian Insti tution in the United States Building.

• The 200th birthday of the birth o Jesse Lee, the first officially appointe New England Methodist minister, wa observed at First Church, Hartford Conn. Bishop Newell recalled that Le preached for the first time in Norwalk

• Reprints are available of the Rev Lowell Atkinson's sermon, "Courtes or Calamity," printed with suitable il lustrations in the January, 1958, issu of *Pulpit Digest*. The sermon concern highway safety.

• Five lay speakers preached th Lenten sermons at a series of Meth odist-Baptist midweek services in Wa terford, N. Y.

challenging careers for young women

Cyto-technologists... specialists in the study of human body cells... are in growing demand in many communities today. More and more of them will be needed, as more women learn of the life-saving role of the cell examination, through the American Cancer Society's expanding program to conquer cancer .

Trained for six months, the cyto-technologist is ready for her responsible duties. She is the good right hand of the pathologist. To her trained eye, the microscope reveals the very secrets of life. Her alertness in classifying slides can mean the difference between life and death to women.

In this life-saving project, men and women work together as do nurse and doctor, x-ray technician and radiologist, and other great teams in medicine. Security, pleasant colleagues and the satisfaction of being part of an all-out attack on the most dreaded of diseases ... these are some of the satisfactions in this rewarding profession.

Chemistry or biology students who have completed two years of college (or the equivalent) are eligible for fellowships, which cover tuition and basic living costs during training.

For further information write to the Division of the American Cancer Society in your state.

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

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Dr. W. Kenneth Pope, pastor of the First Methodis Church in Houston, Texas, calls TOGETHER, hi effective "assistant"; he is shown using the maga zine from the pulpit to illustrate a point.

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

Together

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